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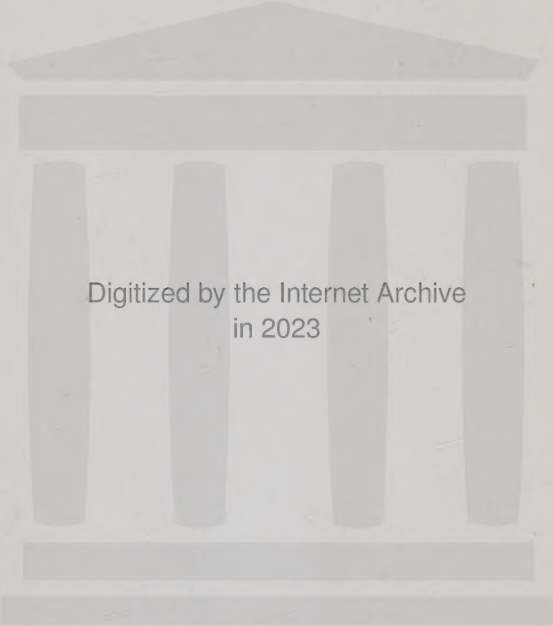
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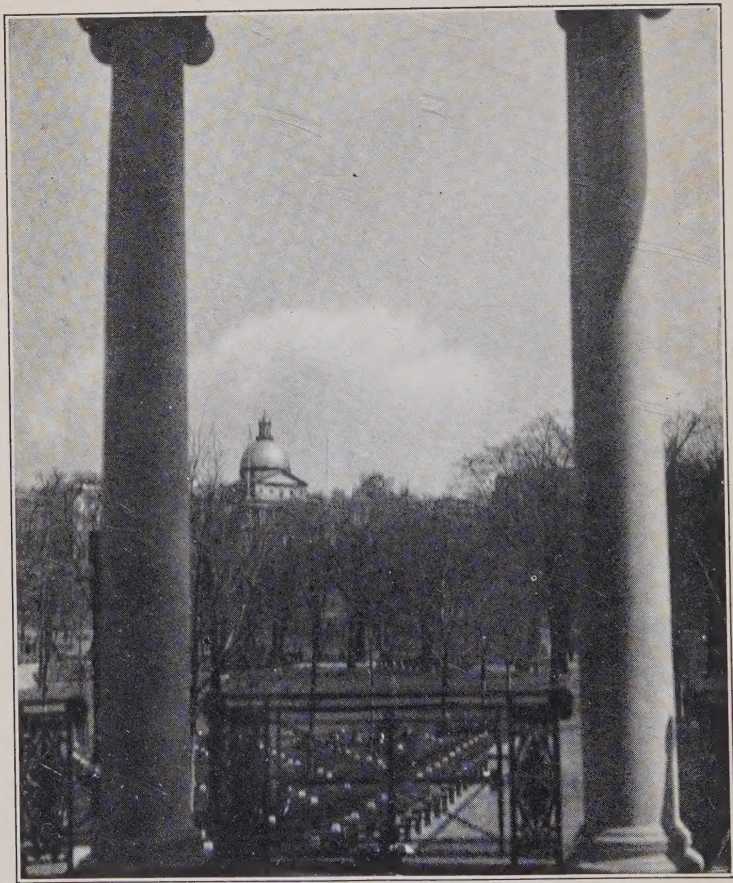
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MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE DOME

As seen across Boston Common

Changing New England

Edward Elwell Whiting



THE CENTURY CO.

NEW YORK

LONDON

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First printing

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Joan

In 1620 the "Mayflower" brought 102 Pilgrims to these shores. In 1927, according to the estimate of the United States Bureau of the Census, the population of New England was 8,182,428. To these, the heirs of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, this book is dedicated.

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FOREWORD

NEW ENGLAND is as useful to the United States as whiskers are to a cat. They both provide what may be called scenic beauty and they both aid navigation in difficult times and places.

What is New England?

It is not the Pilgrims or Puritans, it is not the manufacture of textiles or shoes, it is not the Battle of Bunker Hill, Paul Revere's ride, Mount Auburn and Sleepy Hollow, not Governor Winthrop nor Roger Williams, not Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips, not the swarms of summer visitors—nor any of the other items associated with this region and its history. New England is something of all these, but none of these tells its story.

New England has changed. What region of the world has not? Log cabins, blue laws, pillories, and many other outworn evidences of early New England have dropped into the dark of the past. What of New England re-

mains characteristic? In a changed New England what has been lost, what has been saved, and what points to continuing strength?

No one will question the assertion that New England was necessary to the nation. Of what significance in national life is New England now?

It is the purpose of this book to suggest some answers to these questions.

E. E. W.

Newtonville, Massachusetts, 1929.

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CHANGING NEW ENGLAND

CHANGING NEW ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

A THREE-HUNDRED-YEAR INVITATION

FEW civilizations are premeditated. It is easier to identify their consequences than to trace their causes. Every civilization which has arisen among men has left its imprint on universal history. Few of them have handed on a heritage through blood descent. Our modern nation here on this continent seizes from ancient example the architecture of the Greeks and through it symbolizes the strength professed for democracy. Our law courts of to-day, seeking justice for all people, trace their roots back to the Roman Empire. There are but few traces of the splendid race which made Athens immortal. Little is left of the proud people who extended, from the city on the Tiber, man's dominion over far places; yet that which was Greece and that

which was Rome live with us. The peaks of men's achievement are more enduring than those who climbed them.

As the history of the world is reckoned, New England is no more than a mushroom growth. Three centuries ago the shores of this region knew little of what man sought in civilized centers. So brief a period, three centuries, is of tiny moment in the long record of mankind's hurrying, crowding, elbowing, quarreling, aspiring, struggling from darkness toward light. We in America are a new people. Drawn from all quarters of the globe, heterogeneous in origin, professing to be homogeneous in name and action, we have presented one of the most amazing manifestations which civilization ever has offered. It is not our purpose here to undertake a clairvoyant view, nor may we approach the hopeless task of prophecy. Though we as a nation profess certain high ideals, and though with reasonable nearness to consistency we prosecute our higher purposes, yet the old truth remains that we do not premeditate our future. We march not toward a definite goal, but we seek an honorable progress toward human happiness, peace, justice, and liberty.

Where this leads us in the ultimate records of mankind no one may safely forecast.

Copy-books, anthologies, and works of reference are filled with wise sayings, many of which sound better than they are. One requirement of an epigram is that it shall be brief, witty, untrue, and unanswerable. Requirements for proverbs are less strict. Great men have a way of flinging off resounding phrases which became embalmed in permanent records. One of them informs us, and doubtless will inform countless generations to come, to the effect that there is no way to judge the future but by the past. Considering the amount of past that the world has accumulated, this thought presents a problem for the prophet. He who undertakes to forecast the future finds safe and congenial exercise for his talents, provided he takes a long enough shot. Before his prophecy is disproved he will be dead.

New England furnished the bases for what is called American civilization. This use of the word "American" is, of course, open to criticism, inasmuch as the United States does not monopolize the continent. Strictly speaking, America—or more precisely North

America—includes Canada and Mexico as well. When the word "America" is used in reference to our country it is, in common understanding, simply a shortening of the title "United States of America."

The establishment of what may be called a distinct civilization on the shores of New England is one of the cases in which causes may be traced. Identification of the consequences of this civilization waits for other centuries to determine. The time is not yet. When we look back into history we deal grandly with great masses of time and event. We talk glibly of an era which may have stretched across hundreds of years. The rise or fall of the Roman Empire was not the impulse or degeneration of a day. The magnificence of Babylon, the splendor of Egypt, and other mighty instances of bygone glory do not divide themselves in our thoughts year by year, but rather century by century, or dynasty by dynasty. We view the past in wide dimensions. How then can we estimate the significance or criticize the consequences of a brief three centuries since the Massachusetts Bay Colony was established on the Atlantic shores of this continent?

Such a spread of years cannot show vast

consummation. What it does show is influence and tendency. What New England has meant to America we may profitably observe. What it was that determined the character of the first settlement here we may identify from facts. What was the nature of those who first set up homes here history records. What was in their minds, what moved their hearts, to what their souls aspired, we may make a reasonable conjecture. What has happened through three centuries by virtue of the character, lives, and intentions of the early settlers we may trace with approximate accuracy, seeking to relate cause and consequences. Whither this leads the American people, whether it guarantees to erect a political, economic, and social structure more enduring than those upon whose ruins it has arisen, lies in the field of interesting but futile speculation.

As we undertake to sweep our vision across the panorama of these past three hundred years on the Atlantic seaboard we may find therein some interesting items. We may trace through the fabric of New England life and may find in the greater weavings of national existence some of those curious tight-twisted,

firm, unyielding threads which are the creation of pioneer New England life.

If New England has affected the course of the country, and has colored our history, our manners, our morals, and our hopes, what has happened to New England itself during its history? What remains of old New England in the New England we know now?

It is of a changing New England that we write. Seeking to understand some of the primary causes which led to the settlement here, seeking to understand those difficult beginnings in a wilderness, we can see how far afield New England has gone from the days which first gave it potency in human affairs.

New England has changed. The incoming of other stock than that which predominated at the beginning, the inevitable influence of increasing commerce and expanding industry, altered economic requirements and opportunities with the passage of years, temptations to depart to other territory—all these have diluted and drained New England. That New England which existed even up to a century ago is no more. Instances of survival you may find. Scattered through the six States are villages still close to the customs of our grand-

parents. Their number is diminishing. Outside influences are modifying their character. Emigration and other similar causes operate to weaken their vitality. The traditional New England is in some respects past.

Yet throughout this changing of New England there has lived the vital spark which was and is its essence. Alien and uncomprehending elements are entering and are sometimes absorbed and become as one with the stronger force. Much that is essentially New England prevails to-day and links the present with the past, not by signs of inertia, but in the effort to enlist proved strength for future progress.

Interest in life is provided by its changes. True enough, they also serve who only stand and wait. But they do not provoke much comment from the onlooker. Our country, more than most, has been a land of motion—physical, mental, and in all ways. This changing New England is a vital land. It has yoked for progress the difficult steeds of conservatism and radicalism. Nowhere is there a stiffer respect for established traditions than in New England. No region has been a more prolific breeding-ground of protest and revolt. Cor-

ruption has sometimes prospered here. Reform is a constant process. No region has produced more potent powers of organization. Nowhere has the prowess of the individual been more respected. Harmony of effort, whether directed to the world's betterment or to self-aggrandizement, has been fostered here. Stimulating discord, compelling the attention of reluctant ears, has made vivid New England history time and again.

New England has ever been a changing New England. Its settlement was born of protest and strengthened by the sincerity of high-purposed revolt. Its stout building against the perils of an unpeopled land manifested the invincibility of a conscientious conservatism.

New England has presented in these three hundred years one of the most compelling records of human experience under government. It offers one of the most enticing invitations to students of the psychology of nations.

CHAPTER II

WHY NEW ENGLAND?

SENTIMENTAL memory bases New England on the voyage of the *Mayflower*. Fond remembrance reaches back in history and finds there a noble impulse to the worship of God in unrestricted ways. Religious fervor, heroic refusal to be spiritually submerged, insistent desire for prosperity of the soul—these are assumed to be the genesis of New England. The great history of this land is by common thought believed to have begun with the coming of the *Mayflower* and its Pilgrims, and developed by the zealous determination of the Puritans to erect a state on the foundations of a hope for eternity, despite an inclination to look with distrustful eyes on the pleasures of mortal life.

Yet it is important to remember, if we are to understand New England and the processes of change through which it has passed, that the impulse from the Old World to the New

concentrated along avenues of commercial profit before this impulse took root in a permanent civilization on these shores.

It is popularly believed, and with reason, that thrift is an ingrained characteristic of the genuine New Englander. Skill at bargaining, sharpness in trade, scrupulous competition in business: these qualities and the application of them have characterized three hundred years of social and industrial development in New England. We may find the seed for this growth in the motives which actuated the first persistent and successful efforts to colonize the Atlantic seaboard of this continent.

Following the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus in 1492, there followed a long period during which the fruits of his discovery assumed no significance such as was to come of them more than a century later. Romantic pursuits of fancied treasure, dreams of a fountain of perpetual youth, theatrical gestures of high adventure, blazing flashes in the darkness of unexplored areas, marked the century following Columbus's tremendous achievement. Some historians and commentators on the progress of the world

have ventured to express the opinion that the discovery of this continent by Columbus was the greatest single accomplishment in history. Achievements may be gaged by many means. We may consider the intrepidity, courage, persistency, high resolve, and splendid determination which Columbus's voyage manifested and judge of it from the point of view of him who made it; we may gage it by the light of its immediate consequences; and then it becomes a melancholy tragedy, with Columbus in chains, his sponsors failing to recognize the mightiness of the man, and blind to the destinies that lay in his deed. We may undertake to gage it by the ultimate consequences. There we run into the impassable obstacle which is unmeasured time. The future is always the future; the ultimate is ever approached, never reached. Consequences of every act in human history are a process, not an end. Chains of events reach into the dim distances approaching eternity. We do not know and cannot guess the ultimate consequences of the discovery of this continent.

It is idle to say that but for Columbus and his voyage our nation would not have been here to-day. Others necessarily would have

done what he did had he failed or had he never existed. The discovery of this continent, its occupation, and its great place in history were determined not by the act of man but by those vast resources placed here by the magic of nature. So great a treasure-house of possibilities as this continent presents could not remain unknown. As the developments of navigation progress, distances disappear. While Columbus was voyaging across uncharted seas and picking from the mists beyond the horizon this new land, the land itself was voyaging toward the Old World, not by physical movement but by the shifting significance of distance and time. Day by day the world is closer knit. In our day we see faster ships and airplanes annihilating distance; we have seen the telegraph, telephone, and wireless reducing time to small proportions. This same process was proceeding even at the close of the fifteenth century, and before. It is as old as the race of man. When the first cave-man ventured afield from his unknown abode, he was undertaking this ceaseless process of drawing distant points together and reducing the possibilities of separation between places and people.

Columbus touched these shores. His touch did not convert them into gold. That was done long afterward by less romantic and more practical men. For years this continent was the playground of world adventure. The Spaniard identified the geographical existence of the land. He trod ruthlessly over ancient civilization to the south. He erected settlements in North America, dedicated in some measure to religion and devoted in some measure to less spiritual purposes.

The French adventurer voyaged hither and promulgated a curious admixture of religion, chivalry, and romance. His was a colorful régime and a promising adventure. Yet nothing that the Spanish soldier, the Portuguese sailor, or the French adventurer did here served to determine or even to indicate that which was to be in the land we call the United States of America.

Great is our country! From the inexhaustible reservoirs of all the races of man and from all the heritage of Old World civilization we have drawn the material which has made us what we are to-day. Yet the definite factor which controlled the social, religious, political, and economic development of this

country was that civilization which was first established on this Atlantic coast we call New England. However far from the ideas and the ideals of the Pilgrims and the Puritans the American people may have gone; however much they may have built beyond the forevision of these first settlers, the strongest fiber in the national fabric remains that which first was spun early in the seventeenth century in this region.

Thus, following 1492, while the Spaniard rode resplendent here, while the seamen of maritime nations sought and found adventure on our seas, and while the French began a promising colonization, it was those who came here first from the British Isles, either by way of Holland or direct, who made New England and hence established the destinies of a nation then undreamed of.

So it is that the temper and motives prevailing through the century after Columbus were wiped away and left no more than romantic memory in the new America.

The voyagers from the British Isles came seeking no El Dorado, no fountain of youth; they purposed no futile stay. Those who established the first New England settlement

had had their minds prepared by thoroughly practical men who sought a means of livelihood. The voyagers from the Netherlands brought and prosecuted trade. Those from England established business. From this establishment grew that spirit of competition and that demand for individual opportunities which throughout three hundred years have characterized New England and the New Englander. We come logically by our inheritance. What set foot on New England soil was more than a band of Pilgrims; what dominated the Massachusetts Bay Colony was more than a group of Puritans. Survivals of Pilgrim hardihood, survivals of Puritan convictions, remain yet to color the psychology of New England and to affect the processes of national evolution. Yet the quality of this early American civilization which most decided the destiny of this new nation was the spirit of business, production, construction, and permanence. Other voyagers had made great gestures. The Pilgrims and the Puritans built to endure.

Here was a virgin country, marvelously suited for the circumstances. Other undiscovered land nearer Europe, and other lands

where ancient civilization survived, as yet unpenetrated by European purposes, were too close to Old World conditions and affiliations to have permitted what took place on these American shores. Here was raw material. Here were limitless resources. Here Fate flung together a hardy people and a fruitful land. Purpose and opportunity stood side by side. It was a mighty event in the evolution of civilization. It could not have occurred in any other land. It would not have worked with any other people.

The minds of those who were to constitute the first permanent settlements of New England had been prepared by those of their own racial stock who had come here before them. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, a captain under Sir Walter Raleigh, saw these shores, having set sail from Falmouth, England. Note this: In a company of thirty-two men who sailed on his ship, eight were sailors and twenty intended to be planters. This was vastly different from the voyages of the Spaniards and the French and even of the Dutch. These hardy folks who came with Gosnold sought to take root in this new land and to carry forward the scriptural injunction to make two

grass blades grow where one had grown before.

Gosnold's voyage of seven weeks brought him to Cape Ann. Thence he turned and sailed southward around Cape Cod. It was an epochal trip. That which most impressed him was the abundance of codfish. It was he who gave the name Cape Cod to that promontory of land which reaches out like an extended arm, summoning the Old World across the Atlantic.

Thus Gosnold's voyage from Cape Ann southward may be said to have charted something to future New England history. Cape Cod is Cape Cod to this day, and though the fishermen of Provincetown are for the most part no longer of the old New England stock, yet by a poetic turn they are of that Portuguese strain which played so dramatic a rôle in the early days of exploration.

From Cape Ann southward to Cape Cod the codfish is still a symbol and a fact.

New England does not quite worship the codfish, but it has come close to it. There are some who suppose that the codfish is only figuratively existent in the halls of Massachusetts' State House. As a matter of fact, its

calm and pleasant presence is actually there. The Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives cannot lift his eyes from the members before him without seeing this image of the codfish. It links past and present. It is perhaps a monument to one of the first sources of prosperity of the New England settler.

Fisheries have played a great part in New England's welfare. Many a New Englander to-day believes that salt codfish is a greater delicacy than brook trout. If some cataclysm of nature should make impossible the construction of codfish cakes, Sunday morning would be as a moment in the desert to many a New England home.

The Gosnold party provided the first English occupation of this land, but it did not last long. On the island off the Massachusetts coast now known as Cuttyhunk, before called by Gosnold Elizabeth Island, his colony was established and the beginning of a house was made. They stayed but a few weeks and then returned to England.

Mark that here was a practical purpose—to settle homes and to raise crops; not romance, but livelihood.

The next important venture hither was in 1614. In that year John Smith, more romantic than his name, captained a trading expedition which was sponsored by hard-headed London merchants. It was he who gave us the name "New England." He landed near the mouth of the Penobscot River in Maine and thence sailed southward.

John Smith had faith in New England. He put his faith to work. Throughout the western portions of old England were distributed copies of the pamphlet "A Description of New England." This whetted the appetite of speculative business of old England for a taste of the possibilities in New England. The gates were swinging wide for trading adventure and for business establishment. Two years later, in 1616, eight ships sailed from London and Plymouth to the New England coast and took back with them fish and oil, which were sold in Spain and Portugal. The tide of the very practical migration had begun.

CHAPTER III

PILGRIMS AND PURITANS

IT is not within the scope of this work to discuss the relative merits of Pilgrims and Puritans. It is pertinent to the purpose at hand to trace in both groups those motives and achievements which gave New England its peculiar and positive character. It is profitable to determine those sources of strength from Pilgrim and Puritan which gave to New England that quality which endured despite infiltration of alien influences and which has affected the American nation.

Both the Pilgrims who came hither in the *Mayflower* and the Puritans who followed them were strong. Whatever the faults of either, there was no weakness in them. They were not compromisers. They did not know how to quit. Having undertaken a task, they went persistently through to a consummation—not perhaps with any calculated decision to do so, with a goal in view, but because by

their nature they loved effort and because, having begun to move, they could not or would not stop. It required courage to come to so wild a land as this was in the early seventeenth century. It required perhaps the greatest degree of courage from the fact that they were not led hither by any dazzling expectation of rich treasure or any miraculous discoveries, but by simple, homely, everyday motives. Their courage, in fact, was instinctive and natural rather than the result of particular stimulation. They did not think of themselves as brave. There was about them little of the spirit of self-glorification. They took for granted what some have exalted as heroic. They were plain people doing, in what to them appeared to be a rather matter-of-fact way, things which, seen through the perspective of history, appear magnificent.

Without entering the field of controversy and without undertaking futile comparisons, it may be permissible to think of the earlier Pilgrims as representing essentially the thought of home; and to think of the later Puritans as exponents of an orderly and purposeful government, strongly flavored with theology. Enough has been written by many

writers on the theme of Puritan theology and its relation to freedom of worship. We are not concerned with that subject here. We are concerned with the thought that much of the vigor and permanence of the New England character is traceable both to the home-making Pilgrims and to the state-making Puritans.

There is almost a formula for colonization ventures. Three motives usually operate. They are familiar to all students of history. Their proportions in any given migration vary, and the three usually are present in greater or less degree. These motives are respectively patriotic, religious, and economic.

One cannot comprehend New England without recognizing the fact that all three of these operated about equally in the colonization on these shores. In the sentimental backward look into history most of us are inclined to overemphasize the religious factor, particularly in the life of the Puritans. There seems to be an idea among some that when the Puritan was not praying or otherwise active in the meeting-house, he was sitting in sour-faced silence thinking about the sin of being happy. It is undoubtedly true that the meet-

ing-house played a large part in the life of those early days, but of course it is untrue that it constituted all that there was. The early New Englanders were happy. The degree of their discontent was only such as wars against stagnation and compels progress.

The early history of the Pilgrims before they set sail for these shores interests us here only as it suggests reasons for what became later substantial New England characteristics. Back in 1606, in the little English Nottinghamshire village of Scrooby, a group of worshipers, under the leadership of John Robinson, William Bradford, and William Brewster (who, as an independent church, met in Brewster's home), became impatient with things as they were and grew fearful of the future. This discontent was not the consequence of any official persecution. Such harassment as they suffered came from the unregenerate neighbor—the kind of worriment usually suffered by the ostentatiously godly.

While the Scrooby worshipers were in this condition of uneasiness a formal charge was actually filed against them with the church authorities, in consequence of which Brewster and some few others were summoned to ap-

pear and account for their proceedings. It does not appear that anything serious happened to them. However, they determined to leave England and to do so secretly.

In this decision we find a hint of what New England nature was to be. First, in that, having decided on a course, they did not take the wide world into their confidence. That characteristic remains a potent factor in New England's social civilization even to this day. The New Englander does not discuss his affairs with other people.

As a matter of fact, there was a practical consideration connected with the secrecy of the plans of these intending emigrants. The civil law of England did not permit the removal of goods or money from that country without an official permit. These migrants were essentially practical people. It is important, in connection with our consideration of the development of New England character, to keep firmly in mind the fact that in leaving England they were not so much fleeing possible persecution, nor even escaping unpleasant conditions, as that they were in a very practical way going toward something they desired. What they desired was not alone the

right to worship God according to their own convictions, but was also to establish homes and find means for self-support. Thus, in this first migration from England they were impelled partly by religious motives, but quite as much by economic motives.

History tells us of the difficulties they met before they finally succeeded in reaching Amsterdam. There they set up their church and undertook their livelihoods. They did not take root; and the next year they removed again, to Leyden. There they remained until 1620, with Robinson as their minister and Brewster as an elder. Brewster also taught English among the Dutch and printed some Puritan books. Members of the congregation engaged themselves in such trades and handicrafts as were available.

The pertinence of this reference to the sojourn in Holland, and to the continuing feeling that it was not the solution of their problem, lies in the fact that it provided a training and preparation for the social establishment which was soon to be transferred to, and to take lasting root in, New England. It should be borne in mind also that a potent reason, and probably the principal reason, for the

ultimate decision to leave Holland and seek the New World was the desire for economic betterment. These Leyden Pilgrims were practical people in the best sense. While much has been made of their professions of piety, it is of significance that their piety and godliness in no way diminished through freedom the necessity of a reasonable worldly welfare. Their attitude toward religion had no contact with the thought that by poverty they might approach perfection. They saw no inconsistency between a decent material prosperity and an honest service to God.

This association of ideas by which religion and material welfare were in harmony was prophetic of what was to be developed and what was to become characteristic of New England. In the new colony the meeting-house became and remained the outstanding feature of the landscape and of community life; but that community life was self-supporting and knew reasonable comforts. Such comforts as it did not know it did not miss. They were a hardy people.

The Leyden congregation set out for new shores. Of their trip on the *Speedwell* to Southampton, of the unseaworthiness of that

vessel, of the abandonment of plans for her trip across the Atlantic, and of the embarkation of one hundred and two aboard the *Mayflower*, the story has been told many times. It has no place here. It is pertinent simply to take note of the fact that not all of the Leyden congregation came on this great venture. It was the hardiest ones who did so, numbering thirty-five. The rest of the *Mayflower* passenger list came through London.

Although only about one third of the *Mayflower* passengers had come from Holland, yet by the compactness of this third there was brought to these shores what amounted to an organized and experienced home-building community. They had suffered in a common cause and they had dreamed similar dreams. They sought self-support under new skies, and having come here, they proceeded to make by their own strength that of which they had dreamed. This combining of aspiration and achievement, which has been one of the traits of strength in New England history, thus had its foundation at the beginning of the country's settlement. These Pilgrims were not content to dream of unattainable ends. They materialized their dreams and made them

facts. Seeking homes and a religious establishment of their own, they went ahead until they had won what they sought. That was strength. That was the beginning of New England.

The Puritans who soon followed were not less strong nor were they less determined. Again, we would avoid the field of debate and take cognizance of Puritan characteristics only in so far as they bear upon the evolution of New England. For this purpose it is advisable to emphasize the practical nature of their undertaking and the aggressive quality of the Puritans themselves. One of the most searching observations summarizing in brief the significance of the Puritan migration hither is this:

“While the Puritan was troubled by what he ought to believe, he was even more troubled by what he ought to do.”

There also you have a suggestion of the New England character as it was developed.

CHAPTER IV

BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT

ENOUGH has been indicated in these brief and fragmentary references to the coming of the Pilgrims and of the Puritans to suggest the nature of earliest New England, its manner of development, its modes of thought, and its principal purposes. These people laid the foundations. The foundations determined the type of structure. The structure served as the model for a nation. The nation, even in our day, retains much of its inheritance from these sources. There have been vast changes in New England in three hundred years, yet at the heart of America the original New England still exists.

We have suggested that the early-comers, whether Pilgrim or Puritan, united religious ideals and highly practical purpose. The Pilgrims wanted homes, the Puritans wanted action; and both were served.

There is an event at the beginning of

the tercentenary which New England—and more particularly Massachusetts—observes in 1929–30 that stands out as one of the significant dates in the history of human liberty. It marks the moment in the affairs of men when self-government was set up on these shores. In taking note of this important event, let it not be unnoted that considerations of business were potent factors in the decision which resulted in the establishment of an enduring civil government in the New World.

It is not within our province here to retell the story of the Massachusetts Bay Company, a business organization of adventurers and merchants in old England. Our reference to it here is to serve the purpose of pointing out the fact that business impulse, joined to a sense of justice, operated to lead New England into those paths of government from which it was never to depart.

On July 28, 1629, the stockholders of the Massachusetts Bay Company met at the house of Deputy Governor Thomas Goffe. In the records of that meeting, we find this:

And lastly, Mr. Governor read certain propositions conceived by himself, viz, that for the advancement of the plantation, the inducing and

encouraging persons of worth and quality to transplant themselves and families thither, and for other weighty reasons therein contained, to transfer the government of the plantation to those that shall inhabit there, and not to continue the same in subordination to the company here, as now it is. This business occasioned some debate; but by reason of the many great and considerable consequences thereupon depending, it was not now resolved upon; but those present are desired privately and seriously to consider hereof, and to set down their particular reasons in writing pro and contra, and to produce the same at the next General Court; where they being reduced to heads, and maturely considered of, the company may then proceed to a final resolution thereon; and in the meantime they are desired to carry this business secretly, that the same be not divulged.

So matters went over for a month, until August 28, when this important question of moving the government of this adventurous company to the New World came again before the stockholders, who met as the General Court for further consideration. Again they met at the home of Mr. Goffe, where he "acquainted this Court, that the especial cause of their meeting was to give answer to divers gentlemen, intending to go into New England,

whether or no the chief government of the plantation, together with the patent, should be settled in New England, or here."

Here indeed was a weighty matter for decision. How weighty, these gentlemen could not foresee. They faced a mighty problem which was of great commercial importance to them.

Upon the wisdom of their decision depended the history of a nation as yet unborn. So conscious were they of the seriousness of the problem that it was ordered that "Mr. Wright, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Adams, Mr. Spurstow, and such others as they should think fit to call unto them whether they were of the company or not, to consider of arguments against the settling of the chief government in New England, or here."

On the other side Sir Richard Saltonstall, Mr. Johnson, Captain Venn, "and such others as they should call unto them" were directed "to prepare arguments for the settling of the said government in New England; and that tomorrow morning, being the 29th day of Aug; at 7 of the clock, both sides should meet and confer and weigh each others arguments, and afterwards, at 9 of the clock, (which is

the time appointed of meeting for a General Court,) to make report thereof to the whole company, who will then determine this business."

So we come to the date of August 29, 1629, when, these gentlemen having performed their duties of preparation, the meeting of the General Court was held. From its records we take this:

This day the committees which were appointed to meet yesterday in the afternoon to consider of arguments pro and contra touching the settling of the government of the companies plantation in New England, being according to the order of the last Court met together, debated their arguments and reason on both sides; where were present many of the Assistants and generality; and after a long debate, Mr. Deputy put it to the question, as followeth:

As many of yourselves as desire to have the patent and the government of the plantation to be transferred to New England, so as it may be done legally, hold up your hands; So many as will not, hold up your hands.

Where, by erection of hands, it appeared by the general consent of the Company, that the government and patent should be settled in New England, and accordingly an order to be drawn up.

Thus it was that at nine o'clock in the forenoon of August 29, 1629, there was determined the first action which was to set in motion the march of events leading eventually to the Declaration of Independence and the establishment of a republic in this land. The legislature of Massachusetts to-day is the General Court. It meets on Beacon Hill and performs its duties of legislation with varying wisdom, but frequently reminded of its honorable heritage. To understand New England it is necessary to know the nature of these beginnings. While considerations of human justice operated to effect the decision of the General Court at Mr. Goffe's house, to remove the government of the Massachusetts Bay Company to the scene of its most active operations in the New World, dollars and cents were involved to such a degree that we may fairly suppose they were the powerful factor.

Viewing these events of the past from the vantage-ground of the present, we like to pick from them those significances which best serve our sense of the heroic. We like to think of the Pilgrims, Puritans, merchant-adventurers, colonists, and the rest as hurrying to these shores, here to find satisfaction for lofty

spiritual aspirations and for the consummation of justice and free government. These forces certainly did operate; and their traces permeate all that came thereafter. It is not possible, however, to comprehend New England, to understand the procession of changes which have occurred, nor to gage accurately the traits, characteristics, customs, convictions, and aspirations which have endured, without taking into adequate consideration a fact which runs through all these early efforts to establish in New England a permanent settlement. That fact is the practical determination to be self-supporting.

Of all the items in the genesis of New England and this nation none is more worthy of emphasis than that which has to do with this unwavering purpose to be self-supporting.

The New Englander abhors the thought of needing charity. Not to be self-sufficient in material things is to the basic New England nature almost a sin. This New England trait was born in the days when civilization was being built along the Atlantic coast. The men and women who came here did not come as peasants, servants, agents, subordinates of any sort. They came as free men and free women,

seeking nothing but the opportunity to make their own way. Their homes they hewed from the rough wilderness of an unexplored territory. Their food was found in the waters of the sea whose crossing they had dared. Their religion was built from self-conviction and sincerity. They were a self-sufficient people, whether Pilgrim, Puritan, or of other origin.

We may suppose that the decision of the General Court which met and voted on August 29, 1629, in Mr. Goffe's house was made the easier from the fact that those men knew they ran no risk to their enterprise by trusting the authority of government to those of their association who had already set their feet on the shores of the New World.

CHAPTER V

THE FOUNDATIONS OF GOVERNMENT

THE virtue in representative government lies in the fact that it is natural. It has endured in this country for a century and a half since the Declaration of Independence, and it had germinated for many years previously, chiefly because it is a form or method of mutual control understandable by the people and responsive to their wishes. It is folly and it is futile to preach of democracy or of representative government on the basis of efficiency. It is not efficient. It is much better; it is human. Efficiency is a coined word expressing a coined idea. Individuals are not efficient as a rule. The individual who is pitilessly efficient is unpopular, because he is not understood and because he is abnormal. Our homes are not run on a basis of efficiency. If they were they would be unbearable. Hospitals and similar precise institutions seek efficiency and approximate it. They have to, because

their whole purpose is centered on one objective. Other considerations are sacrificed to its attainment. That justifies their efficiency. It also explains why hospitals and similar institutions, despite their admirable work, are repellent to the average person. He seeks their aid and service in moments of emergency. He is thankful to escape from them when the emergency has passed. He returns to his home and its delightful inefficiency with a feeling of relief and comfort. The primary defect of Old World autocracies was their disproportionate emphasis on efficiency. The governing machine or system can be efficient, but the more it becomes so, the farther it removes itself from the sympathy and understanding of the masses of plain people.

Our United States method of government is not the fruit of deliberate calculation. Like *Topsy*, it "grewed." Into the foundation of it entered many influences and necessities. Those incentives which we have noted as accompanying most migrations and colonizations—religious, patriotic and economic—remained operative during the period of evolving a civil government here. Had material difficulties been less severe, had the early colonies had

more leisure in which to theorize, it might have been that the new state then in embryo would have grown up essentially theocratic, or it might have been that the political organization on these shores would have woven itself so closely into the English fabric through the natural automatic pressure of patriotic memories and association that separation from the mother-country would not have occurred. Either or both of these paths of evolution would have been unfortunate if not disastrous to America. This nation would not then have resulted. We would have had something quite different. Possibly it would have been as satisfying, but we do not think so. Without bombastic patriotism and with a due sense of national modesty, Americans may take an honest and proper pride in the history of their country, both as an independent nation and as a political state preceding that epochal event.

Life was not easy for the colonists, either those who came first in the *Mayflower*, those who followed soon thereafter, bringing with them the Puritan professions of a disturbed, aspiring, and persistent religious cult, or others who came in varying numbers and from widely differing sources, in the after years.

Therefore, the economic force, which played an impelling and propulsive part in the migration through Holland or direct from the British Isles, increased in authority during the process of early American political evolution. These people might be consecrated to God, they might cherish strong memories of Old World family associations, they might exalt race traditions, but first and foremost they had to make a living. We cannot comprehend what occurred in New England and what permeated the new nation, then in the first stages of evolution, unless we see clearly the day by day pressure which was upon these early-comers in the struggle simply to keep alive. They found here no going industries to sustain them. They discovered no rich treasure to enrich them. They found no soft climate to cater to their ease. Food did not fall from trees into their open hands while they sat and discussed theories of government. They had no time for these things except as they found it after the hard and inescapable work of the day. Their houses were hewn from the tall timbers of the forest. Their homes were kept intact by crops wrung from a stony soil. Their food was replenished by

the hard work of men who dared and conquered the perils of the sea. Life was an incessant and unrelenting physical struggle for existence.

These thoughts of their early difficulties come easily to us now, looking back from our time of comparative security to those days of continuous perils. Yet if they had seen them so, if they had been depressed or discouraged by the difficulties which were their commonplace experience, they would not have built what they did. It is essential to an understanding of the New England character to recognize that the fiber of these early colonists was such that difficulties were accepted by them as matters of course. Calvin Coolidge, in a speech some time before his promotion to national affairs, said, "Do the day's work." It was not a strikingly original thought; but, expressed tersely in the course of a political address flavored with philosophy, it summed up much that is characteristic of his race and his place. It has been the personal motto of Mr. Coolidge. No more methodical man ever lived. Problems of the future did not impinge on the duties at hand. A man without great physical strength, a man who when sent to

Washington as Vice-President had had little contact with public affairs beyond the borders of Massachusetts, who succeeded in his administration of the highest office in the land, and who left behind him the gratitude of a people who respected him, succeeded largely because of his capacity for doing the day's work. The phrase which was his might have been the motto to guide the early settlers of New England. They did the day's work conscientiously, ungrudgingly, and completely. Thus it was, in the course of New England's building, that each day saw something added to the accumulation of time gone before.

These settlers were building a nation, without premeditated attempt to do so and without consciousness of the process.

History is not simply a process of the collection and correlation of ideas and events. It is not simply a gathering together of fragments that we may observe a completed whole. It is also a process of elimination. That process erases from memory many things which at the time of their doing appeared vital. Accordingly as this elimination is intelligent or stupid, honest or disingenuous, does history truthfully and completely write the record of



Photograph by Leslie Jones

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

A contrast: old New England in the midst of New

humanity, or on the other hand fail to do so. Probably no man's backward look on the past can be complete. There is too much there. Holding opinions as we do and must, we delve into the past determined to find there justification for them. So it is that, from what different historians have written, we use their work selectively and for our own ends.

Not all history of early New England, but most persons' interpretation of such history, pictures the early settlers as composed of peaceful Pilgrims and godly Puritans. There were, however, others among them. As time went on, the opportunities for livelihood and the spell of adventure drew hither men and women who were neither Pilgrim nor Puritan, neither Separatists nor Nonconformists. Families bred in other faiths found homes here. Yet their coming did not destroy the essential Puritan flavor of the dominant religious life, nor did they bring new methods of attack on the problem of living. Many families born, bred, and remaining firm in the Church of England settled in the New England territory. For instance, there were three such families who came here about 1640 and bought land honestly from the In-

dians near what is now Norwich, Connecticut. Up to within a very few years the descendants of these three families, bearing the same family names, still occupied these venerable domains. When they came first to the distant hills and unpopulated wilderness to make their living from the soil, they had the same necessity and determination to worship God according to their convictions and customs as did the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. On top of the hills out of Norwich they built from logs a Church of England church. In that modest little temple these three English families performed their acts of worship. The log church long has been absorbed into the soil, but not more deeply so than the character and sturdy purposes brought here by those who worshiped in it.

Such families as these—and they were scattered throughout the New England territory, many of them knowing little and caring little for the centered civilization about Massachusetts Bay—are quite as characteristic of New England as those figures who loom much on the recorded pages of history, and contributed possibly as much to its evolution as did they. The names of Endicott, Winthrop,

Brewster, Bradford, Roger Williams, Miles Standish, and many others are familiar in every American home, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world. They have almost the impersonal majesty of symbols, so accustomed have we become to concentrate in them our thoughts of the civilization they helped to secure. Yet New England was made no more by its leaders than by those who supported them or who sometimes differed with them. The point necessary for comprehension of the New England significance is that the state which grew here was the product of many minds, and that it was less predetermined by the purposes of individuals than it was the natural and inevitable growth resulting from the circumstances in which they lived. Other races might have reacted differently to those conditions. It was fated perhaps—certainly it occurred—that given the human stock which settled here, and given the circumstances under which they settled, there was bound to result that which followed. No leaders could have materially altered the inevitable course of New England evolution.

We think of New England as greatly changed from those early days. This is so if

by it we mean that there remain few homes and few communities closely modeled on the typical New England home which was the first complete fruit of the evolutionary process here. One may find in remote parts of New England survivals, almost unaltered, of what once was common. The change is in that the survivals are, generally speaking, isolated and are diminishing in number. The typical old-fashioned New England home is surrendering to the inexorable pressure of time. Where it yet survives it does so by the sturdy resistance of individuals to the encroachment of modern times.

If by lamenting the changes in New England we imply that they have erased its meaning in national life, then we depart from the truth. What has changed and what is disappearing is the old physical set-up of New England family and community life. What remains is the ineradicable influence which early dictated the course of national development, and which yet asserts and reasserts itself time after time and in places far apart.

No more striking proof of this can be found or asked than the election to the Presidency of the United States of Calvin Coolidge, born

in a typical surviving New England hill town, Plymouth, Vermont, educated in one of the most beautiful of New England cities, Northampton, Massachusetts, and politically trained in the ancient General Court, which had its genesis in Mr. Goffe's English home three hundred years ago.

CHAPTER VI

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES

THE seacoast and the hills of New England remain. Both of these had a powerful effect on the development of the civilization which grew up between them. They still color the lives of those who live by them. Their effect in later years, however, is diminished by changes in the methods of transportation and communication and by the diversification of men's activities in modern times. Where you find a family of descendants of the old New England stock still living in a mountain village or by the seacoast, there you will find survivals not only of the ancient names but also of ancient customs and an anchored philosophy of life. The hills and the sea speak a language mightier than men's words. Theirs is the universal tongue. The sound of surf on the shore is the same though the listener be English, French, Spanish, Asiatic, or from other parts of the world. The majesty of the

hills is not altered by the vocabularies of those upon whom its magic falls. If the original racial strain could have been kept intact, if it could have been walled in between the geographical limitations of sea and mountain barrier, then the New England of old might have remained substantially the same to-day. The world does not work that way. Migrations from the coast westward, immigration hither from foreign lands, adoption of new industrial devices, and in some degree changes in the physical aspects of the region itself, have operated to change New England.

The geography of New England imposed difficulties and presented advantages, all of which played their part in shaping New England character. The mountain barrier to the west discouraged penetration in that direction. The ranges of hills which seem of little moment to us of to-day, with the modern conveniences of travel, were bulwarks of obstruction three centuries ago. Beyond the mountains lay an unknown wilderness, peopled by aborigines and beset by dangers. There was nothing in that direction to entice the colonists in large numbers. As time went on, occasional sturdy and restless spirits found their way

through the wilderness and carried with them the frontier of the new nation. The names of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and the countless heroes of fact and fiction adorn the romantic story of growing America; but they were not typical of the coastal civilization and they did not determine our form of government nor our social structure.

If these mountain barriers held the colonists to the eastern slopes and the seacoast, and if the lack of navigable rivers discouraged travel by that means, it followed that those who had come here to make their homes must utilize for their self-preservation what was at hand. In the sea they found food in abundance. The cold waters of the Labrador current favored the fisheries. The pursuit of livelihood on the seas, sprung not from the spirit of adventure but from the cold exigencies of finding food, developed an industry which remains a factor in New England welfare even unto this day, and developed also a race of sailors who through the centuries have contributed brilliant chapters to the naval history of America.

The sea is still here and the fish therein. Ships still sail the sea and the navy remains

our great line of national defense against aggression. Yet in these, old New England has not survived. One may find, among the fishing fleets, descendants of the sturdy folk who settled on the main coast from Cape Ann to Cape Cod and elsewhere centuries ago, but one finds more frequently names implicit of other races. The fishermen are no longer of the old New England stock. They come from Portugal, the Azores, and other lands. The sea, the fish, are much the same; fishing boats have changed somewhat, yet not beyond recognition; but the fishermen are of a new New England.

Southward from the coast of Massachusetts's mainland lies Nantucket. It used to be its boast that in all the world there was no port at which some Nantucket sailor had not touched. That was long ago. To-day Nantucket, one of the most beautiful spots in all the world, derives its sustenance for twelve months' existence from the profits of July and August, when swarms of pleasure-seeking mainland folks invade it with open pocket-book. Linger on Nantucket Island into autumn days; wait there until the last summer visitor has gone, and then you will see sur-

vivals of what may, with all respect and propriety, be called the aristocracy of Nantucket. Coffins, Starbucks, Macys, Folgers, Gardners, and other names greatly significant in the dramatic and prosperous past of Nantucket still are there. Beautiful homes, splendid traditions, and graceful courtesy of life, high principled devotion to worthy ideals, preservation of fine old customs—all these Nantucket cherishes for those who have the right or privilege to know them. This survival in Nantucket from its ancient splendors is, however, but an echo of a reality which has passed. Nantucket ships no longer sail the seas in search of world trade or in pursuit of whales. The island lives in the glory of its past, but gleans profit from those who use the island as a summer pleasure-ground. It is all very delightful, and all who love old things, picturesque towns, charming homes, may feel grateful that Nantucket is safe from a destroying modernization. The beauty of its rolling commons is unchanged from the time its original settlers first found them. The surf beats on the shore with the same thunder as in other centuries. Nantucket is still Nantucket. Yet it is so changed that were one of

the ancient founders to make a ghostly visit there in the summer season, he would probably be glad he was dead.

The sea was generous to the colonists, and the many harbors on the coast served them well. For the rest of their living they must seek game in the forests and raise crops in the fields. What would have been the development of New England character if these early agriculturists had found stretched before them vast areas of flat and stoneless land, as is familiar to the farmers of our Middle West States? What they did find was something far different. They found in the valleys some fertile fields, available for use when cleared of wood and brush. On stony uplands and steep slopes they found a more reluctant soil, yet one rich in productive power.

Western farmers, when they first see the New England hill farm, profess uncertainty whether what they see is a farm or a quarry. It may be that Divine Providence provided the New England rocks and scattered them over the fields to prevent the Pilgrims and the Puritans from having a dangerous leisure and an easy life. The man who farmed one of these early hillside fields earned all he got. Yet in

the process these small farmers turned their liabilities into assets. The stones they tore from the field so that they could plant them arranged in walls, many of which still stand firm after uncounted years. To-day you may walk through many miles of New England territory, seeking the deserted places of the woods, and there find wandering stone walls which no longer keep herds within or predatory enemies without, which serve no utilitarian purpose now, but which seem to point a path through the whispering trees back into the days when stout hands laid them stone on stone. The early settlers built their walls to endure. There was a sort of symbolism in that. As they cleared their land of obstructions, so they tore away false fetishes of Old World society and government. As they built their stone walls on straight and sturdy lines and with the strength to stand for centuries, so they built the structure of American government and so they made firm the stout principles of American social rights.

They do not build stone walls to-day. Such as one may see throughout the New England States are almost entirely dated back many years. The invention of barbed wire, incal-

culably useful and inexpressibly ugly, ended the stone era. Seekers of signs may see what they will in the transition from a civilization, one of the manifestations of which was the stone pasture fence, to a time when barbed wires are strung instead.

One of the riches of the new land was its forests. Even to-day, and despite the devastations of the wood-pulp mills and the other lumbering activities, vast portions of New England seem to the eye as wild as they must have seemed to the first white men who entered them. Most of these forests to-day are of later growth, but they blanket the world as beautifully and as effectively as the original woods. Western people coming for the first time into New England often express amazement at the amount of apparently waste territory. Many of them appear to have a sort of notion that New England, and more particularly eastern Massachusetts, consists of unending rows of buildings, swarmed by crowding humanity chasing dollars and culture. They find it difficult to fit into their picture the actual acres of open land and forest which are here. Thus, in a bird's-eye view of New England, the observer might say that here

New England is not greatly changed; that although there are little blots of city structures dotted here and there, the object of nature is yet fairly retained in the green tints of the forest. So much to the eye has not changed.

One effect of the abundance of timber was the creation of early American architecture. Following the brief and temporary expedient of log houses came the construction of modest frame dwellings, severely utilitarian in type, firm in construction to withstand the rigors of the climate, and unintentionally prophetic of an architectural school which was to characterize New England, and which, for a time forsaken, was to return in form after many years had passed. To the born New Englander there is nothing more beautiful than the white frame farm-house marked by green blinds, resting by the side of spreading maples or towering elms, sweet lands sloping from it, a little brook dancing near.

As time brought prosperity and more ambitious houses grew, they retained and elaborated the strong, square simplicity of the little houses created by necessity and restricted by the requirements of pioneer days. The American colonial dwelling, of which there are

thousands scattered through all the New England States in farm regions, villages, towns, and cities, is an adaptation of English Georgian architecture and early American construction. It produced something altogether pleasing. There is a lack of ostentatious decoration in these old houses which speaks of Puritan plainness. There is a sturdiness of form and a promise of permanence in them which speak of Puritan power. These old New England houses are typical of the civilization which was their background. They have survived, some in actual physical existence for two centuries and others in later adaptation of the type to modern dwellings.

New England was built of wood. There were few bricks. Stone was available, but it was hard to work. Wood was easier and more acceptable. It was the characteristic medium of architectural impression throughout all the early days and even to the present century.

Changes to-day show themselves by an increasing use of other building material throughout New England. The current style calls for brick; and in the manner of its use to-day we may get a glimpse, perhaps, of how far we have departed from early New

England ideas. In those early days, when a brick house was built, the bricks were laid as for the construction of a fortress. It was a strong structure. The brick house to-day is a wooden frame structure with a brick facing or veneer. It pleases the eye, but in a sense it is a sham. There is a suggestion of duplicity in the house which poses as brick, but which is no more built of brick than is the frame house built of the paint which covers it.

Even in the brick-faced dwellings of the current period there survives often the form of the colonial frame structure. Variations and adaptations of ancient and European colonial types serve to diversify current building fashion, but the square colonial structure, with its windows of small panes, its wide fireplaces and great chimneys, remains the most characteristic type of dwelling in this part of the country.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOOD OF NECESSITY

IF their environment dictated or influenced social evolution, architectural construction, and political development among the colonists, it in no way indicated what they should eat. The great food discovery in America, of course, was maize. We may thank the colonists for their adoption of this grain, but we cannot thank them for calling it corn. Perhaps it is evidence of the power of these early settlers that their misnaming of this staple article of their diet has persisted even to the present day and will always persist in this country. It is a pity that the old name of maize was not preserved. It first was called Indian corn, and then the name Indian was dropped. Old-fashioned New Englanders still refer to Indian meal rather than to corn-meal. There is something about corn-meal that suggests solidity. Dieticians tell us that it digests but slowly. That is one of its virtues. A substantial

dose of corn-meal cooking sinks slowly into the human interior and there remains for a considerable period. When you have partaken of plenty of corn-bread, unweakened by alien insertion of less vigorous flours, you know you have eaten something. It stays by you. It forms a sort of interior cement. There is a particular way of cooking coarse corn-meal which the South claims but which New England always knew, and it is one of the most efficient and positive diets possible.

You pour some coarse and undiluted corn-meal into a bowl. If you are light-minded and frivolous, you may add thereto a small chunk of lard. Then upon this you pour fresh boiling water, first having added a little salt to the meal. You stir vigorously so that all the meal is thoroughly scalded. Add enough water to make what may be described either as a very thick batter or a very thin dough. It should be of sufficient consistency so that when it is dropped on the griddle or in the frying pan it will not settle weakly into a yielding flat pancake form. It should be stiff enough so that it may be gently forced into place with a spoon. The length of cooking these concoctions is limited only by the appetite and pa-

tience of the prospective diner. You let them fry as long as you can stand it, then you turn them over and repeat the delay. Then remove these fried corn-cakes to a stout plate which will not be surprised by the heavy contact, and you spread them thickly with butter. Then, having made your will and disposed of your worldly affairs, you eat them.

These are hearty food. There is not a grain of pretense about them. Any one can see at the first glance, or feel at the first bite, exactly what is in them. They are made of corn. They are all corn. Their flavor is of the waving green fields. They are as sweet as the sunshine that ripened the golden ears from which they came, and when you have successfully chewed and swallowed half a dozen of them, you know you have eaten something. You are conscious of it for several hours. Scornful persons who have failed to appreciate the delights of these corn-cakes assert that the left-overs may be used for soling tennis shoes; or, cut in small squares, they can be utilized to patch the crumbling kitchen linoleum. Trimmed to a symmetrical design and tinted in colors to suit the feminine fancy, they may serve as paper weights. Stored carefully in

a dry cold place, they may be left for years and then brought forth, and after a proper period of soaking they may be warmed over and then eaten.

This matter of hundred per cent corn-cakes is a delicate one in many New England homes. There are those who say they are not food and there are those who say they are. As always, we would abstain from vexatious controversy, merely asserting that there are living in New England to-day many healthy persons who have made these cakes a more or less staple article of diet. Whether these cakes originated in New England or elsewhere is immaterial. They were first made, of course, by the Indians themselves, who pounded the maize upon a rock and then cooked it, much as we have described, omitting, of course, the lard and the salt. These two ingredients are mere concessions to the jaded palates of an oversophisticated modern people.

Another New England article of food which has retained its popularity since its first tryout, but which has never expanded its sphere of popularity beyond its original use, is the pumpkin. You may use apples for a countless variety of dishes, of which apple

pie is the natural and perfect climax. You may use squash as a vegetable or as a dessert. Prunes you may use or leave alone, according to your sensibilities and conscience and what the doctor says. Pumpkin has only one accepted avenue of activity. It is as a pie ingredient. Its use in Hallowe'en festivities, cut into the form of a face and containing a candle, is familiar—and they do say that some thrifty New Englanders in the past have made very acceptable pie of discarded jack-o'-lanterns, first removing the candle. Yet the pumpkin has an artistic and esthetic value. It also has what we have always regarded as an amiable disposition. It will grow agreeably and decoratively in the corn-field. It knows better than to try to climb the corn. It wanders about the ground with pleasant green foliage, yielding golden fruit in the autumn. We have never met any one who would admit having eaten a raw pumpkin. We know one man who professed to having eaten baked pumpkin as a vegetable. He was non-committal on the flavor, but he did not have a second helping. Pumpkin pie is a New England dish. It is associated with Thanksgiving and pleasant home days. It is one of those agreeable desserts

that can be eaten after one's stomach is completely full.

Pumpkin pie, like all pies, is served in wedge-shaped pieces. This is to symbolize the thought that it can be driven home into the human interior when anything otherwise shaped probably could make no headway. The pumpkin filling of a pie is slippery but substantial. It eases itself into the human system and has never been known to do any damage thereto.

The bean was early cultivated in New England and it has remained indigenous. It is now cultivated less in fields than in bakeries and tin cans. A distressingly large proportion of New England baked beans spring from farms on the Pacific slope. We have always regarded it as a beautiful thought, however, that as soon as the California bean is released from the restraining bonds of pod and vine, it rushes in multitudes with an unerring homing instinct toward the Atlantic seaboard. Though born far afield near the Golden Gate, its heart is in New England.

There are many recipes for New England baked beans. Still avoiding controversy, we refrain from reproducing any of them, except

in so far as to insist they must be baked in a fat brown jar; that they must contain molasses, and that they must be topped by a substantial chunk of salt pork containing a streak of lean, this pork scored crosswise through the rind, and remaining sufficiently above the water-line during the baking process so that when the moment of consumption comes these rinds shall be crisp and edible. Many good cooks may desire to take issue on these requirements. To such critics we shall present a firm front and an unyielding silence.

Baked beans are sustaining food. They early began to sustain New Englanders and they have done so ever since. Many things in New England have changed in three hundred years, but baked beans remain a favored food. No popular-price restaurant in New England would dare or deserve to survive if on any single day it omitted baked beans from the menu.

Another New England offering for the delight of the palate dates back to the very beginning of civilization here. This is maple sugar. When on an occasion some years ago a political writer sought to obtain from the father of Calvin Coolidge some recollection

of Calvin's boyhood, seeking therein some sign prophetic of his rise to fame, there was drawn from the patriarch only one sentence. The Coolidges are all much alike. What the father said was brief but adequate. It was simply this:

"I always thought that Calvin could get more sap from a maple-tree than any of the other boys in Plymouth."

This sentence serves two purposes. It suggests the efficiency of the youth Calvin. Second, it shows that under the strain of recollection the mind of the elder Coolidge turned first to maple sugar.

There is something particularly sweet and clean about maple syrup and maple sugar. Its sweetness is not insipid. It conveys no thought of dilettante indulgence. There is a tang of robustness beneath the sweetness. There is in it the soft peace of a maple forest, something of the singing sunshine, of early spring amid snow-clad New England hills. It conjures up in the mind of every New Englander memories of boyhood home and the delights of the open country. It is New England's own confection.

Of the New England breakfast we shall

speaking later. It was an institution which we have always believed curiously combined causes and consequences of New England's strength. The early New Englander had an addiction to what more delicate modern palates may call violent food. He wanted articles of diet of which he could feel the physical impact when he consumed them. He wanted foods of sufficient solidity to travel down the gullet under their own power whether they were swallowed or not. Corn-meal measures up to these requirements. So does salt pork, which the Yankee has always loved. Old New England families will tell you that fried salt pork is better food than bacon. They will tell you that a meal of boiled white potatoes, fried salt pork, and milk gravy flavored with the pork is so good that, had it been known in earlier times, ambrosia never would have won its place in the legend of the past.

In Deerfield, Massachusetts, once lived old Bill Saxton. In a short sentence he expressed both the palatability of pork and the economical value of laying in a supply.

"In the fall," he said, "you put down a barrel of pork, and in the spring there you be."

CHAPTER VIII

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED

UNCLE OLIVER, who lived in the typical old New England town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, was feeling a little below par. There was nothing in particular the matter with him, but he just "didn't feel good." This would have been of slight consequence but for the fact that he was obliged to start out on a journey. It was not a long journey, but it was away from home. When a New Englander doesn't feel well he wants to stay home. It is not within his theory of curative treatment to go gallivanting around the world in search of health. So Uncle Oliver, compelled by circumstances to take a trip, was oppressed by the fact of his feeling far from lively.

The problem must be solved. He had to go and he had to feel right before he started. He recovered his health by means of a hearty meal prepared for him in his home. The meal consisted of what was known in parts of New

England as sea pie. Why it is or was called sea pie is in considerable doubt. Very likely it was invented by some skipper driven to concoct a dish from the scanty supply of ingredients at hand. Great discoveries have been made through the avenues of necessity. Perhaps this was one. The recipe for sea pie, as vouched for by an old resident of Hatfield, is as follows:

Take a substantial piece of boiled salt pork; cover this with a liberal amount of dried apples; smother this with as much molasses as seems expedient; then bake it; then eat it.

This is a hearty dish. It fills every available corner in the human interior. It provides something which the digestive apparatus can grapple with enthusiasm and must meet with determination. If, after a meal of sea pie, the digestive machinery falters for but a single moment, there comes disaster. Cautious people approach sea pie as they would walk into places of peril. Yet it has sustained portions of New England on many occasions. Its ingredients are common, its method of construction is simple, its contribution to a balanced diet is adequate.

In fact, it is not such a foolish dish as it seems. It sufficed for Uncle Oliver, who, thus

fortified, set forth on his journey, accomplished what he set out for, and returned unscathed and ready for more.

Quite a neat treatise might be prepared on the relation between contentment and a moderate degree of indigestion. A common phrase in New England as applied to food is that it "stays by you." The modern sophisticated, softened generation contents itself with soft-boiled eggs, smooth cereals, and such foods which smite the human organism with no more force than a feather. The old New Englander wanted to be sure that he had eaten something. He wanted this certainty to remain with him. Therefore, such dishes as sea pie and such vigorous food as buckwheat cakes, sausages, fried pork, and corn-meal cakes were popular. They stayed by you.

All of which is an argument in behalf of a reasonable amount of mild indigestion.

The New Englander of old liked his breakfast food fried. He liked fried potatoes. There is a directness and simplicity as well as logic about New England fried potatoes that does not apply to any other form of serving this vegetable. The old Yankee had a sense of fit-

ness in all things. He would agree that a kettle of deep lard was the proper place in which to put doughnuts, because that is the nature of the doughnut and because there is no other way to cook it. He had, if he was faithful to his inheritance, no patience with cooking potatoes in the same way that doughnuts are cooked. When you find a New Englander professing to prefer French fried potatoes to old-fashioned pan-fried potatoes, you will know that he has slipped. He is no longer true to his forefathers.

When the New England housewife had some cold boiled potatoes to warm up, she did the simplest, plainest, most logical thing. She took a knife, cut them in slices, and fried them in a pan. What else should she do? Psychologists can find in this process, if they want to, a survival of the directness of method which won the wilderness for the Pilgrims and Puritans.

New England has changed in many things. It has adopted French fried potatoes, Delmonico, O'Brien, au gratin, hashed brown, etc. Nevertheless, the plain fried potato survives. If you travel in fields far from the Atlantic

seaboard, you will find it listed on good menus as "American fried potatoes"—and there is something for the psychologist in that too.

Doctors may tell you that fried food is the poorest form of diet. They enjoy telling you this, and perhaps it is so. It is equally true that New England was raised on fried food. The strong survived.

The New England breakfast has been much discussed and variously described. There is not and there never was a precise formula for the New England breakfast. As an institution it has passed. You may still find it served at occasional farm-houses and in other remote regions of New England's civilization, but it has fallen from favor; it is a vanished glory.

Occasionally one comes upon survivals of the custom. Some eight or ten years ago a man whose business had taken him for a day to Ludlow, Vermont, sat down at the breakfast-table alone in the dining-room of the local hotel. He was alone because he was late, according to local standards. The waitress who attended him was a well-nourished, wholesome local product. She obviously was born and bred in the New England hills. She was like some one's sister waiting on the table. She

did not look professional. She asked the solitary breakfaster what he would have. He replied that he would have some fruit, two soft-boiled eggs, rolls, and coffee.

The young woman did not stir. After waiting a moment, she asked in a grieved tone, "What else?"

The city man said, "Nothing else, thank you."

The young woman audibly sniffed and retired to the kitchen. When she returned she brought a large tray from which she unloaded and set before the breakfaster these articles:

A dish of oatmeal sufficient for a city family of four; two fried eggs surrounded by strips of bacon each about a quarter of an inch thick; a liberal slice of fried beefsteak covered with thickened brown gravy; a dish of hashed brown potatoes; a plate of hot cream of tartar biscuits; a plate of fresh doughnuts; a plate of griddle-cakes covered by an upturned bowl; a pot of coffee. Except for a large bowl filled with assorted fruits, and such minor items as sugar, cream, etc., there was nothing else on the table.

And the curious fact is that the man who had ordered soft-boiled eggs, rolls, and coffee

ate straight through the list, topping off with griddle-cakes and syrup.

That was a fairly good sample of a New England breakfast. Some old-fashioned folk will say that it was starvation diet. Some thirty years or more ago a school-boy from a Massachusetts city met his first genuine New England breakfast in the town of Worthington, Massachusetts. His recollection of that amazing meal included substantially the same items as adorned the just-mentioned breakfast-table of Ludlow, Vermont, and added thereto a heaping dish of hard-boiled eggs and also apple pie.

It is difficult for a New Englander to speak of apple pie without losing control of his emotions. First, let it be understood that whereas much of this country supposes pie to be a dessert, New England knows that it is food. It is the concentration of all that is admirable in material nature, and has some flavor of even finer things. The New Englander may not tell you so in such words, but that is his conviction. When he eats a piece of apple pie he conjures before his mind's eye the fields in which roamed the pigs from which came the lard

that shortened the pie-crust. He sees the orchard bursting with fragrant blossoms in the spring, and their fragrance he finds before him in the filling of the pie. The sweetness brings to his mind not that of sugar-cane and tropic lands, but rather of the maple orchard and maple sugar. In short, while the matter-of-fact New Englander does not undertake to analyze his feelings nor to dissect a satisfactory article of food, instinctively he finds himself in sympathy with apple pie.

There is a supposition in many minds that apple pie never actually was served for breakfast in New England. There are minds so unfortunate as to be unable to comprehend this climax of delight. There are existences so dwarfed that they never have begun the day on those ambrosial heights, both symbolized and manifested by apple pie at breakfast. There are those so poor in the world's blessings that they never have been able to leap from such heights into the stress of a day inspired, strengthened, and secure.

The old-fashioned Yankee does not think of it in these terms, but it is a matter of record that much has been accomplished in and by

New England, and that the day's activities through the first century were generally founded on apple pie.

This is a dying custom. Pie has for the most part disappeared from the breakfast-table. Pessimists may say that this forewarns of New England's decline. We do not like to think so. Perhaps in the program of boosting New England we might organize patriotic pie clubs which should make it a membership requirement that pie be placed once again on every New England breakfast-table.

You will occasionally find pie at breakfast. There are New England hotels and country inns which still serve it. In the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Rhode Island there are farmers who cling to the old custom.

A great man once said, when his eating pie at the breakfast-table was challenged, these sufficient words in the form of a question:

"What is pie for?"

The apple pie at whatever meal served remains a New England dish. Other parts of the country may claim it. We shall avoid controversy.

One more word regarding the New England breakfast. It was a necessity. It was not thrust before the breakfaster fresh from a soft couch. It was the meal thrust before the hardy pioneer who had been up and active for some two hours or more before breakfast time. The New Englander of years ago, and on the farms the New Englander of to-day, rises in the early hours. He goes to the barn, looks after the cattle and horses, and in general "does the chores." There is milking to be done and many other things. When he arrives at the breakfast-table he is ready for a square meal and he gets it.

While pie is holding its own and resisting all processes of degeneration in New England, griddle-cakes are sliding. There are self-respecting housewives in these sad days who even complain that the fragrance of cooking griddle-cakes is not desirable in the house. Yet in old days this aroma was supposed to whet the appetite for the entire region within two hundred yards. The New England griddle-cake is fighting for its life. It has found at least temporary salvation by hiding in paste-board boxes, where it is called pancake flour. Every time a New Englander sees the word

"pancake" he winces. He calls them griddle-cakes, or else he calls them buckwheats.

The buckwheat cake is made from a flour ground from seed from the ornamental blossoms of the buckwheat, and when ground it has a rather startling resemblance to powdered hay-seed mixed with charcoal. Pure buckwheat is dark and dingy in appearance. Properly handled and baked on the griddle, it is probably one of the most flavorsome foods ever concocted by the hand of man or woman. Properly made, the batter wet up with yeast is allowed to stand overnight. We venture to say that there are not five hundred families in all New England who make buckwheat-cake batter that way to-day. However, a century ago it was customary.

Certain articles of New England food which were characteristic of colonial days still survive for obvious reasons. The early colonists turned to the sea as a liberal source of supply. Cities and towns along the seacoast still eat large quantities of sea food, as they always have and always will. Here New England has not greatly changed.

From our ancestors comes one delicacy which survives to-day in thrifty homes. In

other words, it is gradually disappearing. It is known as bread pudding. There are specific and detailed recipes for this dish. No good New England housewife ever was restricted by them. The theory of a New England bread pudding is that into it can be put anything not wanted for the hens. Bread, cake, crackers, cookies, and other odds and ends may be and have been included. Quality varies with ingredients. It is a triumph of economy, and, if properly made, is also a triumph in the culinary art. It used to be a regular feature in New England diet. To-day it is rare.

The diet of old New England was rigorous, assertive, positive, determined, and adequate. When New England ate eggs it ate them fried. If by chance it boiled them, it boiled them hard. When it fried potatoes it simply cut them up and fried them, square-sided, brown, and distinct. Not until later days did it ever mash a potato. When it ate beefsteak, it fried it hard on both sides. Gravy had a tang to it. It was not sauce, it was gravy. Dessert was hearty pudding and hearty pie. Breakfast was exercise for teeth and the digestion. Griddle-cakes were griddle-cakes. This was before the

day of the waffle-iron and surrender. It may be that the old New England diet brought disaster to some. Those who survived were strong.

CHAPTER IX

"TELL ME WHAT YOU EAT"

FOOD in the early days of New England was not a table decoration. The colonists and their early successors paid little attention to ornamenting the dining-table. When we survey this period of three hundred years since the days of the Pilgrims and Puritans, and when, in traveling over that long road of years, we recognize and perhaps lament the changes that have occurred, we find yet many survivals of ancient customs. The art or business of eating is one of these. It is a New England characteristic even to-day among those who trace their lineage back a century or more to find substance and solidity winning out over ornamentation at meal-time. Sophistication and fancy cooking have as general a popularity in the New England States as elsewhere, but back of this remains the instinctive feeling of the genuine New Englander that eating food is essentially one of the necessary items of the

day's existence. He likes plain food and he likes plenty of it.

The first necessities of the colonists remained the most serious problem for many years. These were shelter and sustenance. They could not camp on the seashore and sleep under the tree-tops. They built houses, and in doing so, with simple forms dictated by necessity, they laid the foundation of what became New England colonial architecture. If they could not trust to the soft and easy climate for shelter, so also they could not trust to the bounty of nature for food.

Crops will grow in New England, but they need some urging. The colonists earned what they ate. They earned it by hard work. Those trained by the urgent necessities of building and of providing food were driven to a veneration for work and a patience under privation which definitely and permanently affected New England character. They learned that worth and eminence had no necessary connection with worldly goods, ease, and comfort. There was pride enough and there undoubtedly was a normal manifestation of greed and selfishness. These men and women were human. Nevertheless, the exigencies of life in

the formative days of New England bred a decent humbleness.

There was pride in the New England character and it was a pride dissociated from prosperity. Thus it is that to-day you may find, throughout New England, men and women well conscious of the dignity of their families; and none the less so through the circumstances of privation akin to poverty.

These things have not changed, though all together they are less typical of New England than they once were. While the settlers had to work hard for food, they got it in some variety. The people who would set out on such a venture as that of the early-comers to these shores were not the kind to be discouraged easily. Work had not scared them.

The first evidence of kindness in nature to them we have mentioned in another chapter—Indian corn or maize. This was a rich blessing. It was almost a life-saver in the darkest days when a little group of people were establishing on this coast our permanent civilization.

Corn-meal is to this day a staple pantry furnishing in New England. It has many uses. The Indian-corn-cake, delight of the strong,

despair of the weak, we have already described. There was another popular dish from corn-meal upon which almost every New England family has been nourished, and even to this day it is occasionally made. This is still called in New England hasty-pudding. It was the first New England breakfast cereal. Its preparation requires little intelligence but much patience. It is simply a mush made by cooking corn-meal and water flavored with salt.

Hasty-pudding is vigorous food. It has some of the characteristics of Portland cement. It tastes good, is beautifully smooth, and sinks into the system completely; like that other delight of the New Englander, dried pork, it "stays by you." Precisely how many hours are required to digest a meal of hasty-pudding let dieticians debate. The important thing to the colonist was that, having eaten a full measure of corn-meal hasty-pudding, he was not thereafter afflicted by the pangs of hunger for some hours. His system was too busy with the serious task of digestive operations and retaining the vital spark to think about any more food. The human engine gets high mileage from hasty-pudding.

There are various ways to eat this dish. Some eat it as they would a tamer cereal, with sugar and cream. Others place a chunk of butter upon it and then gaze in pleasant anticipation while the golden rivulets run down the equally golden mountain of mush. Still others—and this method was much favored in the old days—soused the mush with molasses. This is a truly delectable dish. Moderns who have never tasted it have missed something that may be likened to a robust kind of nectar. There is great satisfaction in eating the combination of corn-meal mush and molasses. There is the consciousness of virtue, the satisfaction of economy, and the frivolous delight of sweet flavor. Others used to stir the mush and molasses together, thus creating a moist and sticky food for heroes.

It is one of the sad changes of New England that hasty-pudding has lost caste. Respectable and proud families to-day appear to labor in the error that it is in some way a mean and unworthy article of food. Housewives who take pride in their provender repel the thought of a meal of corn mush. Yet generation after generation of New England families has found it a substantial midday meal.

Corn-meal mush survives in our sophisticated era on hotel menus in a fried form. They cook the mush, then cool it, then slice it, and then fry it. This is all right to eat, but the frying adds nothing to the worth of the dish itself.

The colonists, however, did not confine themselves to corn-meal mush. As years passed and prosperity grew, we find in the first century of New England such familiar articles of food as mutton, lamb, and veal. To these the prosperous added also much venison. Indeed, venison in those days was not the fashionable viand that it is to-day. Venison to the settlers was simply a deer that had been killed to eat. It was not sought as a delicacy so much as a necessity. Its use, of course, antedated other meats for this region. We suppose the settlers looked upon the wandering deer as a kind of cow out of pasture and standing ready to be eaten.

Another useful and fortunate contribution to the Puritan table was the turkey. The turkey is a strange bird. Those who have known it best say that the only admirable feature of the turkey is that it can be killed and eaten. There are people who claim to regard the domestic

hen with a respect close kin to affection. There are people who, after prolonged association with hens, believe and assert that each hen has a brain. There has never been, so far as we know, any such contention regarding the turkey. Most breeders of feathered foods feel its mental index number is zero. That is, of course, from the human point of view. Yet even from the point of view of a turkey world there is something lacking in turkey intelligence. The hen rates high in the hen world. She is a good mother. What higher praise could there be than this? We do not know that the mother hen loves her children, but at least she takes care of them. If she does not wash their faces like a good mother, she at least sees to it that they have enough to eat. There is something pleasantly maternal in the life of a hen and her chickens.

The turkey shows less proficiency. No psychoanalyst has successfully dissected the mind of a turkey. No one knows what a turkey thinks about. No one knows that a turkey thinks at all. If a brood of turkey chicks is suddenly overtaken by a thunder shower, most of them are likely to pass forever from a worldly life. They die easily, resignedly, and

undramatically. They wilt. Yet it is not the vocation of the turkey to have brains. It is enough that they furnished the colonists with delicious food. Turkey is still to-day the most characteristic fine food in all New England. The modern New Englander would no more pass Thanksgiving Day in November without a roast turkey, if circumstances allowed its presence on the dining-table, than he would forget his ancestry. Here New England has not changed; in fact, the culinary cult of the turkey is far wider to-day than the survival of that breed of early Americans who popularized these queer birds.

There were also wild pigeons upon which the colonists fed. The pigeon of to-day is not customarily wild. It is one of the tamest animals known to mankind. People to-day do not eat pigeon. They eat squab. The squab is a pigeon which has not been allowed to grow up. In the tenderness of its youth it is slaughtered for the market. There is little connection in sentiment between modern hotel squab and the wild pigeons of Massachusetts Bay.

When Gosnold prospected southward along the Atlantic coast-line before the coming of the Pilgrims, and marked the abundance of

codfish, he not only gave the name which still clings to Cape Cod in Massachusetts, but he made the first mention of perhaps the most characteristic of all New England food products. The codfish which hangs in stately prominence in the Massachusetts House of Representatives is a fitting symbol. The scornful speak of "codfish aristocracy" in allusion to proud New England families. The codfish is not a particularly beautiful fish in its natural state. It has little facial expression, and what it has is depressing. No one can look a codfish in the eye and feel happier thereafter. One does not think of the codfish dedicating its life to high ideals. It is just a plain fish. Nevertheless, a good deal of what New England has been and is owes itself to the cod. Captured young, he appears upon polite plates as broiled scrod. Grown to maturity, he is boiled and eaten by the less discriminating. There are those who think that boiled cod has the same flavor as, and only a slightly less resistant texture than, a boiled dish-cloth. We do not subscribe to this harsh criticism. Boiled cod is a good dish.

The triumph of the codfish, however, comes by salty ways to New England art and econ-

omy. There are limits even in a cold climate beyond which a fish which has died becomes unpleasant. Fresh fish needs to be fresh. It is a commonly accepted belief that the New Englander of that day, as of this, was keenly averse to throwing anything away. Taking into cognizance this quality, and the fact that the Atlantic teemed with codfish, and you can predicate but one result. The colonists perfected the process of drying and salting codfish. It remains to this day one of New England's greatest industries. No longer do the codfish swarm the waters of Massachusetts Bay. The fishermen go farther for them, but they get them. Salt codfish is a suitable New England product and it is a favorite food. As creamed cod or as codfish cakes, its place on the diet list of good New England homes is permanently established. Here there has been no change in all these years.

Down on Cape Cod in the old days, when and where prosperity faltered, salt codfish was popularly known as Cape Cod turkey. Many a Cape Codder and many a man in other places will tell you even to-day that there is nothing in the old world better worth eating than creamed codfish or fish-cakes.

The sea played its natural and inevitable part in providing food in early centuries. Smelts caught alongshore, occasionally salmon, and of course other varieties of fish, were common articles of diet two hundred years ago. There were other homelier articles of diet which were relished by the hardy workers of their day. What have always been known as the “common people” lived in early days, and even as they do to-day, on salt pork, fried fish, baked beans, hasty-pudding, fried eggs, and black broth. An early favorite also was the boiled dinner, which consisted of salt meat, cabbage, and whatever other vegetables were available. It was a suitable article of diet many, many years ago. These foods were eaten then just as they are now. New England has not changed in that.

There was one dish favored in New England winters which has now almost utterly disappeared from use. This was baked pumpkin. The pumpkin pie survives conclusively and deservedly. The pumpkin is regarded almost with reverence. Custard pies may be tossed about to decorate the faces of “movie” actors, or they may be placed soft-side up in parlor chairs; but so far as we know, the

pumpkin pie was never perverted to such ignoble purposes. The use of the pumpkin as a vegetable is now practically no more. Occasionally old New England farm families serve it and many regard it as good to eat.

If the forefathers did not have shredded sawdust for breakfast food, lacking the advantages we know to-day, they did nevertheless eat breakfast cereal. Corn-meal mush was not favored as a breakfast food but was served rather for the hearty meal of the day. For breakfast there was eaten a cake made from barley and also one from parched corn. These also have passed from the knowledge of present-day New England.

One of the delicacies of those days which also has disappeared, but which may perhaps have left us a progeny, was a concoction made from parched corn and strawberries. This does not sound much like strawberry shortcake, but they may be kin.

In looking over some records of the year 1718, one comes upon an interesting allusion to knives and forks, and learns that in those days forks were a luxury. That ancient scarcity may account for the aged story of the waitress who thrust her head into the board-

ing-house dining-room as dessert was being served and shouted to the boarders:

“One of you has got to eat his pie with a fork. The knives are all gone.”

We have lingered long over food. What could be more pleasant to linger over? The pioneers of whom we write, however, did not do so. When they drew up at the dining-table they began to work on what was before them. They had assembled for a purpose; they were there to eat food. When they were through, they went. No respectable New Englander ever lingered over walnuts and wine. We have not undertaken to catalogue the diet list of three centuries in New England. We have sought simply to list a few of the characteristic foods and to note the extent to which those that were most predominant still remain in about the same position. Long ago the invitation was issued, “Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are.” It is an unsafe invitation to accept. Like most wise sayings, it has its limitations. None the less, there is something like analogy between the diet of early New England and the stout character of those who lived upon it.

CHAPTER X

UMBRELLAS TO MEND

ONE article of New England's diet, the delight of every small boy for generations past, has quite disappeared. This is the chestnut. Its disappearance, however, has nothing to do with social changes, economic problems, or mixtures of other races. The chestnut-tree, smitten with a blight, is no more. Here and there one may see occasional specimens of this splendid tree that was one of the beauties of the Northern States. No tree of the tropics presents a more delightful spectacle than the chestnut-tree in spring, with its slender festoons of blossoms standing in relief against the graceful leaves. It comes upon aged or middle-aged people as a shock that the younger generation knows nothing of this tree that was so characteristic of New England. Tall and graceful it grew, branching wide and gorgeous in the blossom period, a favorite haunt of birds and squirrels as the chestnuts began

to ripen, and the particular delight of every boy and many girls when autumn came.

With the first touch of frost the prickly chestnut-burs opened and scattered their fruit on the browned fields beneath. Preachers even have found a text in the chestnut-bur: forbidding, prickly, and rebellious outside, and with the inside as soft as the smoothest velvet. Boys growing up to-day have never seen and may never see a chestnut-tree, but for those in whose memory it remains, there is probably no recollection of youth more agreeable than that of cool, sharp autumn days when they went chestnutting and gathered from the ground the little heart-shaped brown sweet nuts. There are chestnuts enough to-day in the stores, but they bear no resemblance to the chestnuts that for centuries were glories of New England.

Another sport of boys was going after hazelnuts. There are fewer hazelnuts than there used to be, for they do not thrive plentifully in civilization. The hazelnut grows on a bush and comes in clusters. Next to the beech-nut it is one of the least promising of food items. Its exterior measurement is small and the interior is tiny. To eat a hazelnut one must

go through these processes: first rise early in the morning and seek some secluded spot where others have not preceded, then find a clump of hazel bushes; pluck the sticky green clusters of hazelnuts, carry them home in a sack, remove the nuts themselves from the husks, then crack the shells and eat what remains. From a sackful, as much as a boy could carry on his shoulders, he might expect to get a tea-cup full of hazelnuts.

The hazelnut is small but sweet. It is the younger brother or cousin to the filbert. The filbert is that nut which comes in mixed nuts at the grocers' and maintains an average of $33 \frac{1}{3}$ per cent bad. When they are good they are good, and anything that is two-thirds of the time good ought to be all one should expect. The hazelnut was always scarce and always will be.

The old standard nut food of the Yankee was the hickory-nut. This nut was designed by nature for hard living conditions. It antedates armor-plate in point of time and approximates it in toughness. It has been alleged that if you place a hickory-nut on a plate of chilled steel and run a steam-roller over it,

you will need a new wheel on the steam-roller. This is an exaggeration.

There are many ways to crack a hickory-nut. The best way is either to catch it between a blacksmith's hammer and an anvil, or to place it in a machinist's vise and turn the handle. The old-fashioned New England way was to don your mother's apron, sit in a chair in the kitchen, place a flat-iron sideways between your knees, hold the hickory-nut between the left thumb and index finger, and then whack it with your father's hammer. If you missed your finger and hit the nut, you won the game. Thousands of hickory-nuts and thousands of fingers have been cracked by this means.

When the hickory-nut is at last cracked open, nothing is ended. You then may blast to get the meat out, you may pry it loose with a gimlet or the tine of a fork, or if you have squirrel teeth you may gnaw it out. Experts say that there is a way to crack hickory-nuts so that they will split half and half and display a neat morsel of nut meat in each half. This may be so. The average New England boy, if left to his own devices and a hickory-nut, customarily beat it on all exposed surfaces

with a hammer until it was reduced to fragments. He then sorted out the meat from the shell with a reasonable completeness and ate what appealed to him.

The hickory-nut is less in favor than it was. Alien rivals such as the pecan, the English walnut, the Brazil-nut (in polite society Castine), and almonds have pretty well driven it from the family table and the chain stores. We rise to insist, however, that the genuine old-fashioned New England hickory-nut is the best nut the Lord in his wisdom ever created for the palate of mankind. One word of warning to any one who may be moved to pursue the native hickory-nut. Like many good things in this varied world, it has a wicked cousin. This is known as the pignut. It closely resembles the hickory-nut in shape and size, though it inclines to be a little longer than it is wide. It is as hard to enter as a secret society. Its meat is disappointing. It probably was called a pignut because even a pig ought to know better than to eat it. Many a New England boy has toiled his way home from distant woods, his back laden with a sack of pignuts, to discover his mistake only when too late.

There is another New England nut much

esteemed by those whose digestion can stand the strain. It is the butternut. It looks from the outside like a walnut stretched lengthwise. Its face usually is corrugated and resembles a discouraged prune. It is almost as hard to crack as a hickory-nut. The meat of the butternut is as to other nuts as Roquefort is to cream cheese. It is the raciest nut known. The flavor of the first one eaten is entrancing. The results of any sizeable consumption are disastrous. Taken in moderation, it has no fatalities to its discredit. Taken to excess, few may expect to survive in comfort. The butternut has never been in a class with the hickory-nut or with the chestnut in the favor of youthful New England.

In the leisure moments of New England youth in old days, when not pursuing such serious purposes as hickory-nuts or chestnuts, there came into use the gently wicked pastime of smoking out behind the barn. In this reprehensible indulgence tobacco played no part. In farm districts the preferred weed was hay-seed rolled into cigarettes from pieces of newspaper. The hay-seed was obtained by sweeping it up from the barn floor at the edge of the haymow. This provided a blend. It contained

hay-seed and the accumulated dust of years, wrapped and rolled in newspaper, and when ignited it created a pleasant choking smudge.

In season New England boys found solace in cigarettes made from dried corn-silk—that portion which hangs from the end of the ripened ear and is baked brown by the autumn sun. Use also was made of dried pond-lily stems, which had the peculiarity that with each puff of smoke from the curling length the spark at the end crawled an inch or more along the stem.

Sometimes a fortunate youth would obtain a thick end of a horse-whip made from rattan. This porous weed may be smoked. It is probably one of the hottest smokes ever discovered.

The prize of all these boyish indulgences was the sweet-fern cigarette. Sweet-fern, which does not look like a fern, grows plentifully throughout large portions of New England. Gathered in full leaf, then carefully dried, it provides a fragrant smoke which even confirmed users of tobacco in adult years will find pleasant. This mild addiction to smoking dates back probably to the days when boys first rebelled against the strict discipline of Puritan parents. They probably smoked be-

hind the barn as soon as there was a barn to smoke behind. A change, however, has occurred since half a century ago or even less. The modern sophisticated youngster wastes little time on hay-seed, corn-silk, and sweet-fern. He starts his smoking at the top.

Probably the boy in Thebes or Memphis did not differ greatly from the boy in Boston or Bangor. Youth knows no era. The high purpose of every boy is to find an outlet for his energy and to satisfy his curiosity. Boy nature is always the same. Circumstances, opportunities, and environment—these change with the centuries.

It is a modern discovery that society has to invent, organize, and direct play. Such things as Boy Scouts, boys' clubs, organized summer camps, athletic clubs, and similar present-day activities of young people would have been quite incomprehensible less than a century ago. In the present the relentless and eager hand of efficiency is reaching out also for the girls. They must be organized, grouped, managed, and bossed.

All these manifestations in modern life are indicated, if not necessitated, by changing social conditions. Human failures more often

result from natural energy unnaturally applied than from any other cause. No one who is familiar with the Scout organizations for boys and girls can doubt their immense value or their popularity with youngsters. You instinctively trust a Scout.

Yet there is a melancholy reflection behind the facts. Moralists and philosophers may consider, if they will, a tendency to sophistication in the future, if it is manifestly necessary now to supply through efficient organization and proficiently trained direction that which was natural and normal in other days for boys and girls acting by their own initiative. Not only would these boys of old days have been amazed by any suggestion that their play should be standardized and formulated for them, but they would have been almost equally amazed by the suggestion that play was in any sense or degree premeditated. The children of our day are play-conscious. They are in something of the same plight as was the boy whose mother took him to the circus for the first time. He did not particularly enjoy it. The noise, crowds, smells, and general confusion upset him. At last he broke into loud and dismal wailing. Thereupon his devoted and

earnest mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him vigorously, admonishing him in these words:

"I brung you here to have a good time! Now you have it!"

The boys and girls whose leisure is carefully charted for them by proficient youth-trainers upon whose shoulders rests, as they well know, much of the responsibility for the world's moral salvation, are in their hearts just plain boys and girls, as countless generations have been; but they do not have much time to think about it.

The world staggers under the affliction of having its business minded by some one else. If the boys and girls must submit to organization of their leisure, their parents do not escape a similar fate. A traveler down in Maine some years ago asked a venerable native son of the place what the all-round residents did during the winter.

"Wal," said the aged Yankee, "sometimes we set and think and sometimes we just set."

The art of doing nothing, profitably and pleasantly, is having a hard time to survive. We surrender to golf clubs outdoors and to bridge clubs indoors: and we like it. We have

to like it, as was the case of the unfortunate dog whose youthful master stood beside him. A passer-by asked the boy if his dog loved him.

"You can bet your sweet life he does," said the boy. "He knows darn well that if he didn't, I'd kick the stuffin' out of him."

Human nature does not change, but social conditions do. These have changed greatly throughout New England. Not only have the opportunities for youthful activities been altered in the passage of years, but also there has gone on a process of eliminating activities and occupations which once were prevalent.

The street hawker is now rare in cities and towns. It is many years since the sing-song voice that once was common has been heard chanting this refrain as he walked the village streets:

Old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend;
Rush or cane bottom
Old chairs to mend.

The umbrella-mender also is practically extinct, though occasionally one is met. He traveled from door to door carrying on his back or under his arm a mysterious-looking

bundle consisting of old umbrellas, strips of whalebone, and other commodities that might be useful in his work. He could put a new handle on an otherwise serviceable umbrella, or he could put a new cover on a cherished handle. He was as versatile as the farmer's wife was asked to be by the tramp who called her to the back door of the farm-house.

"Lady," he asked, "would you be so kind as to do a small bit of mending for me?"

The lady said she would be glad to do so.

"All right," said the wayfarer as he handed her a button; "would you be so kind as to sew a shirt to this button for me?"

The old umbrella-mender could do jobs like that with umbrellas. He has gone from existence as has the itinerant chair-mender, under economic pressure and business progress. He could not to-day compete in the world of many stores and cheap goods. We hear much of the high cost of living; yet there are thousands of articles in common use to-day whose cost is small which were so expensive in old days that their preservation was a necessity.

The clock-mender who tinkered engagingly with old grandfather clocks and other time-pieces, and who appears to have had a spicy

reputation as to general character, no longer walks the streets. Clocks are still mended, but not at the back door.

Until very recent years the yeast man drove his wagon through city streets, ringing a large brass bell with doleful sound and ladling out the liquid yeast at the front gate of New England homes. He dipped the yeast by a long-handled tin dipper and dexterously poured it into a cup or pitcher carried to the curbstone by the housewife or daughter. This yeast had a delicious and seductive fragrance which yet lingers in the minds of grown-ups who knew it in childhood.

The yeast man, of course, had to live somewhere; and where he lived he had a tank or vat in which a supply of yeast was kept. It was a rare delight for youngsters who lived within walking distance to be allowed to take a family pitcher and go to the yeast man's home for the supply. What made this delightful was that on the way back there was a surreptitious sip of yeast. We always supposed in the innocence and ignorance of youth in those days that there was something pleasantly wicked in this. We had a sort of terrified curiosity to know what would happen to us if we drank

the raw yeast. Would we rise like a loaf of bread or would we burst like a bottle of root-beer? We experimented frequently but nothing happened. Like many experiences in life, this was a disappointment and a relief. To-day yeast is supposed to be quite wholesome and beneficial, but in those days we never suspected it.

The meat-wagon, white covered, drawn by a patient horse which plodded slowly with drooping head and pessimistic mien, stopped easily at every door. It still exists in many towns, but it is gradually fading from the picture. In the days of its prime the housewife went forth through the front gate and stood by the roadside as the meat man lowered the back of the wagon and there displayed his wares. How much dirt, dust, and flies got mingled with the meat no one ever knew and no one ever cared. This was in the blissful days before the germ became understood.

One of the most delightful and useful of old-time wandering merchants was the tin-peddler. He drove a great red wagon that looked like a circus chariot. It was drawn by two horses and contained a bewildering number of various drawers and recesses, from

which he drew forth pots and kettles and even assorted scissors and cutlery, thread and needles. Thrust into a leather loop or wooden framework at the side stood new brooms, rising like plumes to wave welcome down the village street.

With the tin-peddler flourished also the oldest known method of trade. In the days of his greatest prosperity little or no money passed between him and his customer in town and village. He took his pay in barter. It might be choice linen rags or something else, but the trade was always satisfactory to the housewife, who felt that she had obtained her pots and pans for nothing, while the tin-peddler knew to a certainty what his profits were.

The days of hawkers and peddlers is dwindling. Like all old customs that die at length, they linger in country places. In the remote villages of northern New England you will find them still plying their trade. In the cities they are practically extinct. These old-time peddlers were more than merchants; they were entertainers. Coming periodically over the same route, they were greeted as friends by old and young.

There used to be one of these men who ped-

dled shoes through Berkshire county in Massachusetts. These shoes he carried in great bags, some of leather and some made of carpet. One big carpet-bag was always a source of delight to the children in those towns. He was the happy possessor of the power of ventriloquism, and it was his joy to pretend that he had in this bag all sorts of animals. When the children flocked around him, as they always did, he would ask what kind of a pet they wanted. If it were a puppy, there would issue from the deep recesses of the carpet-bag the appropriate sound, and the peddler would go through frantic motions to capture the puppy to bring him forth for his little friend. That he never succeeded in producing the puppy in no way diminished his popularity with the children. This particular shoe-peddler was last seen, we believe, in Adams and surrounding Massachusetts towns back before the Civil War.

CHAPTER XI

BACK "BEFORE THE WAR"

THE Civil War marked a great change in New England life. To the New England villages it was the first abrupt change which had come since the days of their foundation. Up until then the slow processes of social evolution had carried village life along a natural course. Customs had grown and taken root. Families had become as of the soil, generation succeeding generation often in the same old homestead. Life in those villages was not all roses. There was joy and there was unhappiness; success and failure, triumph and tragedy; majesty and meanness. Yet, take it all in all, the life in these old New England villages was worth living. There survived in them an ancient heritage linking the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries.

The Civil War broke the link. Death entered old family lines. No war has ever been fought without an aftermath of definite social

change. It was so with the Civil War and New England life. This chapter and the next are quoted complete and unchanged from the written word of one who lived amid the scenes and circumstances she described. These two chapters are from the pen of Julia Draper Whiting. The hand which wrote them has long been still. What she wrote of her village has been preserved because of its genuineness. We do not use quotation marks, for to do so throughout two chapters would be cumbersome. Let it be understood that this and the following chapter on a New England village before the Civil War are hers verbatim.

The typical New England village was built on an unchanging pattern: one long street on which stood the church, school-house, and the two or three shops that supplied the modest needs of the people; and other short streets or lanes, where the blacksmith's forge and perhaps a small factory with the cheaper houses modestly withdrew themselves. Opposite the church, with its white paint and green blinds, stretched the village green planted with noble elms and maples.

There was neither parish house nor church

parlors. Thursday evening prayer-meeting was held in the houses of the devoutly inclined, and the church was only opened on week-days on the occasion of a funeral or the "preparatory meeting" on the Friday before communion. Inside the church the choir had seats in a gallery, while the pulpit faced them at the other end.

When the hymn was given out, the people rose and turned themselves about to face the singers, giving the minister an excellent view of their heads and shoulders. The leader of the choir had a tuning-fork with which he fixed the pitch, and it remained for a long time the only instrument. Later, grown ambitious, a violin and bass viol were added. This was the case in the meeting-house I remember as a child, where the violin and viol were played by cousins. He of the violin, a gaunt and stooping old man, unfortunately drank, and sometimes coming to meeting in an elevated flow of spirits gave way to his feelings, to the delight of wicked children and the scandal of their elders. I well remember one dreadful morning when he played "Hail, Columbia" instead of "Coronation" and was assisted out of meeting by one of the elders.

It was long before any change was made, and then it was only to add that wheezing, grunting abomination, a melodeon, to the more dignified instruments.

On Sundays there were two long sermons and an evening prayer-meeting. The morning services began by the minister's announcement, "The choir will now sing a set piece."

The church bell was called into more active service than is the fashion to-day. It rang for bedtime every night at nine, as is still done in some seafaring towns like Nantucket and Gloucester, and at death it tolled the age of the one just gone; two customs not without their charm.

The minister was, to the childish imagination, an awful being set apart, to be especially revered at casual meetings on the street, and whose visitation at stated periods was a thing of dreadful import, for searching inquiries as to the spiritual condition of each inmate of the house was inevitable; and as healthy children have no spiritual conditions, and so no satisfactory answers to make, the back kitchen or wood-house formed a feasible retreat if warned in time. The only occasion when the minister seemed a human being was

at donation parties. At those annual make-believe benefits, long since happily dropped altogether, the minister and the minister's family laughed and talked like common persons. I supposed in my childhood it was condescension on their part. I know now it must have been an effort to conceal their real feelings. Our own minister was eccentric in nothing but his unworldliness, but there were many oddities scattered here and there in neighboring villages. One settled not far away had a terrible wife, who did not spare personal admonition and correction of her husband, and on a certain Sunday when she was ill I heard him "thank the Lord for the domestic peace" he had enjoyed during the week, interpolating the sincere thanksgiving into the long prayer. The next Sunday he again thanked the Lord, this time for the "present favorable symptoms" of his companion's recovery, but the tone was sadly altered.

A man mysterious in all his ways was Uncle Jim B. He did not refuse the occasional "job," but had no stated occupation; yet no man lived better than he. He had, it is true, a garden, but it was a small patch, nothing to



Photograph from Alfred W. Cutting

TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND ELM-SHADED STREET

“The village green, planted with noble elms”

look at; but there was no one in the place who had choicer or more plenteous vegetables than he, and few indeed whose cellars were so stocked with apples, cabbages, potatoes, and turnips, nor whose wood-house chambers held so large a bin of Indian corn. Other persons might wonder at the mysterious manner in which their fruit and vegetables disappeared. Uncle Jim never hazarded opinions. He was pious, too, and on one occasion rose in meeting and said he knew he had always been a "poor sinful creetar," but he thanked the Lord he had "always kept a little spark of grace alive"; on which an exasperated neighbor observed that "Uncle Jim's spark had always been bright enough to light him to his neighbors' woodpiles."

The mean man and the general benefactor lived side by side. Déacon S. gave so much away that he sometimes had little enough for himself. He delighted to convey, in the most secret manner, what he modestly called a "little jog of wood" to a poor neighbor, and leave odd parcels that always contained poultry, eggs, or some such thing at the doors of the unfortunate, choosing dark nights for the purpose. He helped the poor widow settle her

estate, and patched up the small quarrels between neighbors; he helped the sick and comforted the bereaved, and was through a long life the best-loved and in his death the most sincerely mourned citizen of the township. The deacon even had charity for the mean man, who abused his wife, a poor down-trodden creature, was currently reported to lock up and beat his pretty daughter, and certainly starved his wretched cows and horse. Part of his meanness proceeded from ignorance. He was lamentably, ludicrously ignorant. When artificial fertilizers began to be talked of, he eagerly listened to all that was said, and after months of cogitation went so far as to call on the man who had them for sale, and after listening to a fresh recital of their quality finally said, "How much be they a paound?" On being told the price, after much rubbing of his chin, he said, "Well, I do'no' but what I'll take a paound. I've got a two-acre lot I should like to try 'em on."

Confined in narrow limits, possibly the darker side of life shows more distinctly than it should, but, really, our village seemed to have owned more than its share of bad people. There was the business man whose shops and

factories mysteriously burned, whose business failed with no assets, and of whom far graver misdeeds were believed. And there was the case of poor Phoebe A., that remained one of the unexplained horrors of my youth. One winter's morning her husband roused his neighbors with his surmises that Phoebe was lost, and told a disjointed tale of her being summoned the midnight before to a sick neighbor; of her leaving home on this errand and failure to return. Why he thought her dead he could not explain but repeated his story with confused additions. Strangely enough, he seemed to have reasons for thinking her body might be found at a certain spot, and on looking, there it was! There were ugly bruises that could hardly be accounted for. The village was full of conjectures, heads were shaken, and fearful surmises made, but nothing was done and the poor creature's death simply remained an ugly story.

Our doctor was our village autocrat. He was so much more alert as to his wits, his mind so much better stocked, his temper so fiery, and his profanity so copious that he always had the argument to himself. His religious views were considered highly atheistical, his

morals dubious. He knew himself misjudged, but scorned to explain either his conduct or the motives that governed it. It was he who, pitying a young girl who had gone astray, took her child, gave it his name, and, placing it in a family at his expense, bore undeserved obloquy until his charge had reached manhood and finally died, and the mother had disappeared. Twenty-two years of unearned disgrace would be considered a heavy burden by most, but the doctor did not wince.

Small as the village was, it held a woman hater, or a man who bore that reputation. He was no doubt a natural recluse who avoided his kind as much as might be. There were whispers about that he "had had a disappointment" which would account for anything esteemed peculiar, and it was said that he hated all women in consequence. The only proof was that he had no housekeeper but dwelt alone. As he grew older and felt the need of human companionship he took a friendless lad to dwell with him; and was wickedly repaid for his kindness, being cruelly murdered in the shop where he drove his small trade.

In sharp contrast with the silent, gentle recluse was the bustling, cheerful widow that was his neighbor, who had adopted, brought up, and triumphantly married off no less than eleven poor children. She was a miracle of good nature and business capacity, and explained that she "never yet see a baby but what she felt she could mother it if it hadn't none of its own, and somehow or other it was her luck to run against such pooty often."

A group of people who held a fearful fascination for me as a child was a family of Mormons, so called. They did not, of course, practise the peculiar tenets of their faith in that staid New England village. But the entire family, father, mother, sons, and daughters, wore their hair long, hanging down their shoulders, and the women appeared in "bloomers." I fully believed, as did all of the children at least, that their long hair and bloomers were the evidence of extreme wickedness. And one of my schoolmates whispered to me one day at recess, "Say, did you know that at their house three-cent pieces drop from the ceiling on their heads and they can comb 'em out of their hair?" I could well believe it.

Anything might be expected of Mormons, and I kept a ceaseless watch on the girl who came to school, but never saw even one three-cent piece roll down her hair, and finally became a doubter.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE IN THE VILLAGE

OUR village did not boast a dressmaker ; every woman made her own gowns ; but there were few who felt themselves able to cope with bonnets and hats, and our one milliner had all the custom. Her shop was in the parlor of her house, where an extemporized counter held a wondrous array of large green boxes whose contents were ribbons and bonnet frames. Here could be heard gossip of the town, the milliner's share given in a peculiarly muffled voice owing to her mouth being always full of pins, a tone I have always associated with anything especially scandalous. Dry-goods and groceries, hardware and agricultural implements, found a home in the solitary "store" kept by an extremely genteel person, who recommended his wares with the persuasive addition, "I am sure you will like it, for my wife has tried it." He was said on one occasion to have used the phrase in connection with a grindstone.

Humble as our village looked to be, it yet had its great man who lived out of the "street," quite apart. His sons and daughters were elevated beings, and as for Mr. P. and his wife, they were quite transcendent. The only outward and visible sign of greatness aside from their bearing, which some acknowledged to be haughty, while envious ones took a mean revenge in calling the whole family "stuck up," lay in the wig and gold-headed cane of Mr. P., the gold-rimmed spectacles of his wife, and the blue broadcloth coat garnished with brass buttons that adorned the person of the eldest son. As a child I regarded the family with awe before I succumbed from the shock I experienced when, once in the dusk of an autumn evening, I came upon the second daughter parting with her lover. I knew she had a lover, who was forbidden the house as beneath the notice of the family, but now I actually saw them parting as ordinary people might, with tears and, to my childish horror, with kisses also! I couldn't imagine how Miss P. could condescend to such commonplaceness. Afterward she passed me, and I saw she was still weeping, a thing wonderful to think of later.

Besides the church that faced the green, which was of course a Congregational church, there were two inferior meeting-houses of other persuasions, usually of little account and so far aware of it as to have modestly retired on side streets. But in one disastrous year an enterprising brother in one of these meeting-houses induced a stirring young revivalist from a city to visit it, and soon there was a flourishing awakening. There were meetings without end, and finally zeal outran knowledge to such an extent that at a special meeting all the church members of that congregation were formed into committees of two, an old and a young one, to make a house-to-house visitation to ascertain the spiritual condition of the entire village. This campaign opened vigorously, but so great was the outbreak of unchristian temper on the part of those called upon that it soon came to an end—not, however, until it had had one lamentable effect. This revival was the only one that had visited the village within the memory of living men, and since the Congregational church had not shared in it, some of its more restless members worried themselves into the belief that its minister was in fault and began

to agitate the subject of his dismissal. The fact that he was one of the best of men and vastly the superior intellectually of his rival, that he was growing old and had a large family who found it difficult to live on his meager salary, did not weigh in the balance against the larger congregation, the increased number of church members, and the interest felt by the Methodist society.

In a secret meeting called to consider what pretext could be brought forward for ridding themselves of the unwelcome pastor, after much hemming and hawing, one of the older members rose from his corner and said: "What's the use of talking? We mean to get rid of him. He's a good man. I'm willing to own it. But he's outgrown his usefulness, and what we want is a young man so's the young people will come to meeting."

"Well," said a friend of the pastor, "our Methodist brother isn't young, 'n' I don't see as that's a pressin' p'int."

"Maybe he ain't young," said the first man, "but he ain't married! That's the main p'int. What we want, I tell you, is a young unmarried man!"

There is but one conclusion to such discus-

sions, and the good old pastor was driven away. The church languished from the time of his dismissal until now there is but a handful in the lonely old church which once was full.

The good old minister gotten rid of, the brother who had so strenuously insisted on the pastor being a young unmarried man was appointed to look for one who should meet these requirements. A succession of youthful candidates was the result. The first was a fresh pink-faced youth, ingenuous and simple, who read the description of David's personal appearance with such evident application to himself, and, in his sermon on "We all do fade as a leaf," was so flowery with reflections on the fame of the righteous, who should remain "until the mournful marble melts away," that he was dropped. Another was brought to grief by a parrot who, after the manner of those birds, was exceedingly wicked and hated the sound of prayer. In the young man's trial week the Thursday evening prayer-meeting was held at the home of the owner of the parrot, who forgot for once to remove the bird. In the midst of the very first prayer the parrot began to groan most grievously, and the

pastor, zealous to do his duty, called out, "Let us pray that the burden that oppresses our friend may be removed," and put up an earnest petition. As soon as the horrified mistress of the house could do so she explained the matter; the meeting broke up in indecorous mirth, but the young minister did not laugh, and one church member testified to hearing something that savored of profanity rather than laughter.

At last a graduate of the theological seminary, known to have aspirations toward the missionary field, was secured. He was dull; he was ugly; he had no graces and very few gifts; but he was young, and that was what the church wished. He remained for a year, and bitterly dashed the hopes of many by suddenly marrying the daughter of our old minister at the end of it. That disappointment discouraged the most hopeful, and the church fell back into a doleful state from which it never recovered.

Among the village worthies was a certain old gentleman who often enlivened the prayer-meetings by remarks certainly unexpected, as when one evening he said he "thought the brethren ought to offer them-

selves as a bouquet unto the Lord," and for his part he was "willing to be a humble burdock," and on another occasion observed that "some of us are a-raising upas trees in our own bosoms."

The postmaster was a kindly natured but garrulous and meddlesome old man who constituted himself the general purveyor of news gleaned through his business. If an anxious housewife sent to a distant town to match the cloth of her gown with a little velvet or silk for trimming, and her package when it reached the office became untied and loose enough to reveal the contents in passing through his hands, he would, if he were not too busy, hurry to her house and hand it over with the comforting assurance, "They give you a first-rate match, Mrs. Smith. Glad of it!"

His ways were so well known that as a general thing his meddling, though it often annoyed, was not taken seriously to heart by any one. The girl who had a lover in a distant town, it is true, objected to the postmaster keeping tally, for the benefit of the public, of the number of letters she received, but his interest was genuine and kindly; and it was

real delicacy on his part that, on one occasion, restrained him from commenting on the suspension of the correspondence, and prompted him, when it was again resumed, to give the first letter with the remark, "Glad to see you and Abner have made it up again."

His amiable weakness was the means of his voluntary retirement into private life. One of the townspeople had long been anxious over the condition of a member of the family lying very ill in another State. At last there came a black-edged letter, and the postmaster prefaced its delivery with, "There ain't no use in your frettin' any longer over Jane. She's gone." As he addressed this consolatory remark to Jane's mother, she fell to the floor in a faint and became seriously ill from the shock, and the postmaster, struck to the heart by the effects of his well-meant speech, sent in his resignation as "unfit to hold office any longer."

The village was distinctly duller with the new postmaster, who was a model of discretion.

The Civil War brought great changes to this primitive village. First the volunteers, the best men of the town, went one by one.

Then the boys of sixteen and eighteen followed, running away to war as the boys of a generation before ran away to sea. Later still, the loafers and scalawags departed to claim the large bounties offered, hoping if fortunate to become bounty-jumpers, and bragging beforehand of the deeds we felt sure they would never perform.

Small as the village was and far removed from the stir of life, it now had its excitement, as when a young lieutenant, all uniform, sword, and brass buttons, came drumming up recruits and drilling them on the green. There were soldiers' aid societies, where every woman made underclothing, rolled bandages, scraped lint, and made and filled simple "housewives" to put in the corners of the boxes to be sent in the care of the Sanitary Commission.

As the war went on, now and again the body of a soldier came home to be buried with military honors; the brass band from the nearest town was sent for, and enough soldiers home on furloughs gathered together to fire a salute over his grave. Those were dreadful days; but how happy were the occasions when some of our townsmen came home on sick

leave or furlough and the whole place turned out to welcome them!

Some families, and those the best, almost disappeared as the war progressed; some who returned had been, in a manner, born again through the influence of personal sacrifice; others had let loose their worser natures, and, bad before, were now reprobates.

Members of the "home guard" astonished their townsmen by their generosity and the self-denial they were glad to practise in order to aid their country; and alas! here and there Copperheads reared their ugly presence. The village did not lack for warlike spirit, and more than one Southern sympathizer was burned in effigy before his own door.

There were also those who saw their opportunity to make money out of the necessities of the nation, and became venders of shoddy uniforms and shoes made of rotten leather. These, however, quite disappeared and were vaguely referred to as "being at the seat of war."

The mainstay of many a family was lost, and there was grinding poverty where there had been plenty; the business of some had been ruined, that of others built up through the conditions of the time.

In one way and another the war, more than any one thing, wrought changes so great that the village was as if remade. Its character was gone, its charm quite vanished.

NOTE. This concludes the two chapters on the New England village by Julia Draper Whiting.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SHOCK OF SLAVERY

MANY volumes have been written on the subject of human slavery. Many of these deal with that "peculiar institution" as it was practised and supported in this country. We shall not add to the number. That the conflict made inevitable by slavery provided the gravest menace to the endurance of this nation which it ever knew is one of the great familiar facts of history. With this event we have here no concern. Neither shall we be led into a controversy over the proper title of the war which was fought on this continent in the sixties. There are many who object to the term "Civil War." They prefer to call it the "War Between the States." We shall not debate the point. We shall call it the Civil War. What interests and concerns us here and now is simply what effect human slavery and the Civil War had on New England's social structure and the changes therein. Some suggestion

of these you may find in the preceding chapter, written by one who lived in the life of that time and who wrote understandingly and intelligently from a close contact with the facts.

Slavery never obtained in New England that deep-rooted hold which so entangled the Southern States. We need not argue from this any moral comparison nor need we present the fact itself vaingloriously. Many of the ills of war are the creation of circumstances rather than the fruit of vicious premeditation. Many of the manifested virtues of society are the fortunate fruits of conditions which permitted, encouraged, and even sometimes dictated them. Discourses on the theme of temptation have been many. The topic attracts. It has this primary virtue in debate, that it may go on forever without encountering any barrier or conclusion.

We advance no boast nor thought of moral superiority for New England in the matter of slavery. What attracts us is simply the thought that despite the infrequency of slavery in these colonies the effect of the great struggle among the States and sections of the country in the sixties was reflected in many social changes. Had the Civil War never been fought, had

there been no accumulating necessity that the issue must be met by arms, much that is lost to us to-day of old New England life might longer have endured.

Processes of social evolution and industrial growth made inevitable a gradual disappearance of old-time usages; but the shock of slavery and of resultant war accelerated this process of change.

What many New Englanders conceived to be the moral issue of slavery aroused these regions to a pitch of enthusiasm and a zealousness for a radical change such as had never before stirred the depths of New England character. The great significance of slavery and its tragic consequences in this country, in so far as it affected the changing of New England, came from the fact that it was the first agency since the establishment of the original colonies which fanned to flame the emotions of a section presumed to be unemotional. A region so aroused for reform could never again quite settle back to quiescence.

There were slaves in New England. The first of these were Indians. There are melancholy chapters in the story of colonial days, and into these go the records of unjust treat-

ment of the Indians by the settlers. The stories of the relations between the races, red and white, is not to be told here. The white did not always treat the red man with Christian charity and consideration. The Indian was far from being the gentle innocent friendly child of the forest that romantic writers have sometimes pictured him.

Examine the records of the town of Deerfield in western Massachusetts, once a western outpost of colonial civilization. There are items in those records which will temper any excessive enthusiasm of love for the Indian. Provocation was his, but his methods were horrible.

The story of red man and white man is varied and perplexing. In some regions the Indian left a trail of blood and terror. In others he went his way among the new-comers and there was nothing but peace and friendship.

Attempted enslavement of the Indian by the white settlers had no excuse, and had for a reason only the fact that the public attitude toward human slavery was not what it subsequently became. It is incomprehensible to persons of to-day that honest Christian people

could have countenanced so abominable an institution as the enslavement of human beings. It is changed. It was not always so.

Efforts to use Indians as slaves did not succeed. They were foredoomed to failure. A useful slave must be a docile person. Philosophers and moralists have often considered that point. The Indian was not by nature submissive. He was not adapted to slavery. The whites soon found it out. The first negroes brought here as slaves from Guinea numbered two. They did not remain. Official edict was that they should be returned from Boston to the land whence they came. Boston refused this first offering of negro slavery. Yet New England may not take unwarranted pride in what seems a fine gesture. Examination of the records of that time suggests that the official reluctance of Boston was less aroused by the matter of slavery itself than by the fact that the particular captain who brought these two negroes here had been especially brutal in his methods on the Guinea coast. Thus in Boston there was a righteous anger directed against Captain James Smith rather than against slavery *per se*. Yet Captain Smith might have been and probably was called a "good man."

We get an interesting glimpse of the mental attitude of the time toward the institution of slavery in the words of John Winthrop's nephew, written to Winthrop from the West Indies:

If you go to Barbados you will see a flourishing island, many able men. I believe they have bought this year no lesse than a thousand negroes, and the more that buye, the better they are to buye, if in a yeare and a halfe they will earne with God's blessings as much as they cost.

Thus we see the Almighty presumed to be an active partner in the institution of slavery. These men who wrote so were not godless men, or did not know they were.

Indian slavery did not prosper in New England because the Indian did not fit the picture. African slavery did not prosper here because the picture did not fit the negro. Climatic conditions were against his usefulness and physical welfare—a vital consideration. Years of concentrated hard work, a rigorous social system, and that nature which is bred in northern regions had developed a scheme of things in which slave labor was inevitably alien. Furthermore, the economic processes going on in

New England found little use for this kind of labor. John Adams wrote:

Argument might have some weight in the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts, but the real cause was the multiplication of labouring white people, who would no longer suffer the rich to employ these sable rivals so much to their injury. This principle has kept negro slavery out of France, England, and other parts of Europe.

Slavery finally disappeared from New England when in 1774 the association of the colonies officially decided to prohibit it. This course, while dictated by circumstances and a dwindling use of slave labor, certainly had in it something less materialistic and more admirable than that. One of the New England States, in frowning officially on slavery, expressed the praiseworthy sentiment that those who desired the advantages of liberty for themselves "should be willing to extend personal liberty to others."

However, there continued after this admirable pronouncement a brisk trade in slaves with the West Indies, and this trade was carried on in large part through a New England port.

The frequent conflicts between profits and ethics result variously. Sometimes the material advantage wins and sometimes not. Sometimes there is such mental confusion as beset the clothing merchant who was instructing his son in the management of the business. After the father had spent some time giving him information regarding overhead, costs, etc., the young man asked him how he conducted his business in accord with ethics.

"I have been studying ethics at school," said the young man, "and I wonder how you apply ethics in the business of selling clothes."

"I am glad you asked me about that," said his father. "I will explain it to you by something that happened here only yesterday. A man came in and bought an overcoat for twenty dollars. It was a perfect transaction. It was a good coat for the money; it fitted him perfectly and he paid cash for it; a satisfied customer and a satisfied seller; a perfect trade. He handed me a twenty-dollar bill and turned to leave the store. As he turned his back on me I folded the bill to place it in my pocket. As I did so I discovered that by mistake he had handed me two twenty-dollar bills instead of one. This is where the question of ethics

entered. Should I tell my partner or should I not?"

The ethics of politics are sometimes no better.

Thus it was that the institution of slavery had not directly affected the slow and gradual process of change in New England town and country. The agitation for abolition of slavery was another matter. This stirred village and country-side, town and city, to a zeal of vast proportions. There was a quickening of sensibilities and sometimes a fanatical enthusiasm for destruction of slavery in this country. This began a ferment which was bound to alter the placid lines of New England thought. Here was a Cause.

Then came the shock of war. The preceding chapter has referred to the figure of tragedy that walked New England villages in consequence of that. Here was a further agency of change.

After the conclusion of the war came that trying period called Reconstruction. Then followed the accelerated industrial development.

New England was embarked on the roaring tides of a sea of achievement. Here was a prosperous world. To it came the currents of

immigration. The process of change was in full swing.

The shock of slavery was the first great blow to inertia in New England.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN EDUCATION WAS YOUNG

TO-DAY we live in a whirl of educational enthusiasm. We blithesomely assume that everybody can and ought to be educated to the top notch. We are in an orgy of instruction. We are taught up to the capacity of absorption. This is the teaching age; possibly also the learning age, though the two are not the same thing. If a substantial business man takes up golf, he does it seriously, and with no sense of humor whatever he hires some one to teach him to play. Excellent women manifest a similar thirst for knowledge and hence support the profession of bridge instruction. The world is divided into two groups: the teachers and the taught.

It was not always so. Education in old days was simple. There is a thought in the fact that despite this simplicity of education New England did pretty well.

It was related by a veracious former resi-

dent of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, that in the days of his youth, some fifty years ago, his teacher once confided to the class the following startling definition of rhetoric:

“Rhetoric is that study which learns us to speak and write not only correct but elegant.”

The old district school is a figure of romance in memory. In it many a career subsequently great had its educational inception. The foundations of much of America were laid there. Lessons of patriotism and precepts of conduct are traceable to this source. When we examine the facts and identify the methods and achievement of the old New England district school, we may fairly conclude that its triumphs owe much credit to the invincible determination of the youngsters to learn something despite all discouragement and obstacles. The district school of New England varied greatly. It was a personal institution. It had a faculty of one. What a gallery of human nature, strength, and frailty is peopled by a long list of men and women who undertook for small pay the task of teaching the sons and daughters of farmers and villagers! Theirs was no sinecure. It sometimes happened that some young man or young woman,

inspired by a divine spark, was placed in control of a district school. When this occurred the pupils were fortunate indeed. Many thousand New Englanders in middle age or older to-day cherish in their memories recollections of sweet and lovable characters among the teachers of their childhood in the little country school.

Yet no matter how admirable many of these teachers were, the system of instruction was simple and the results were likely to be, for the masses, meager. The teacher in a given subject went merrily or patiently through the book, or so far in that direction as his determination and the pupils' acquiescence made possible. Next year came another teacher; but the same book. He or she plowed vigorously through the same pages and often with the same pupils. Thus it often happened that a boy or girl could attend the district school for several years and each year would study practically the same things. This may have been thorough, but it was not very exciting, nor did it result in a heavy accumulation of wisdom.

Sometimes there would be among the pupils a boy or girl showing some particular aptitude for study. When such a pupil came by

fortunate circumstance into contact with a teacher inspired in his task, there might follow important results. These cases obviously were not many.

Yet despite its defects as an educational agency, the district school was a well-loved institution. It was mightily human. It made a permanent impression on those who knew it at first hand. It played a part in the development of New England character. Its discipline often was severe. The inconveniences and sometimes privations inseparably connected with attendance stimulated in the boys and girls of the period both a physical and a moral figure that had their effect in the growth of these States.

The district school as often as not was situated far removed from any house. The reason for such frequent isolation of the school-house was the desire to locate it in the precise geographical center of the district. It was owing to a sense of justice very likely, or perhaps simply to prevent argument, that no particularly populous section of the school district gained any favor by the location of the school near it.

The school-house was a square clapboard

structure, without ornamentation or pretense, but with some appearance of dignity. Outside the building and usually unprotected from storms stood a pile of wood ready for the fireplace or stove within. This wood usually was damp, and its burning was attended with smoke, the fragrance of which lingers lastingly in the memories of those who knew it.

The door-step of the school was invariably a rough flat rock, untouched by chisel, hewn by the forces of nature, and there standing symbolic of the uncompromising insistence of free public education. The old district school is passing from the picture, but such natural rock door-steps are still to be seen before the doors of New England farm-houses.

The school-house in the days before the Civil War rarely was painted. In the passage of years, baked by the summer's sun and beaten by the tempests of winter, it acquired a soft, smooth color, rich browns blended with a hint of purple, rose, and yellow, but all of a somber sort of beauty such as comes only to old New England houses standing through the years in such a climate. Changing New England has lost most of its district schools,

but the color that glorified them in the past is caught and held even to-day by houses in villages where paint has not been popular. Deerfield's Street in Massachusetts shows many such houses whose clapboards have never known the touch of paint, but which have been turned by the weather such a color as speaks of venerable age.

Inside the school there was what was called an "entry," a barren repellent space devoid of ornament and comfort, strictly utilitarian. An essay might be written on the old New England idea of entries. They were known in schools, sometimes in dwellings, and often in churches. They were useful but not beautiful.

In this school entry might be stored dry wood for kindling. Pine was plentiful in the New England States and the supply of kindling represented but the labor required to saw and split it. It had no money price.

The school-room itself varied in size, but usually measured about ten by twenty feet. The teacher had his or her desk on a raised platform at one end. Facing this desk were the rows of benches on which the pupils sat, the little ones in the front and so graded to the big boys and girls in the last row. In other

words, the physical arrangements of the district school did not differ greatly from those of a modern school-room except in the primitiveness of the furniture.

The room was heated first by a fireplace, and, as times advanced, by a sheet-iron stove. There was a dark closet which served the dual purpose of hanging outer garments in and as a dungeon for those needing discipline.

If the children of a modern school, protected from undue drafts but supplied with plenty of fresh air, their health watched over as carefully as their minds, were to be thrust suddenly into one of these old-time district schools, they would regard themselves as much abused. Yet no such thought came to the school-children of those days. The room might be freezing cold from the whirling drafts around the window-casings, or it might be chokingly hot from the blazing wood in the sheet-iron stove; the ventilation might be bad, and other circumstances might be such as would be regarded unendurable by children and their parents to-day, yet generation after generation plodded its educational way along this hard pathway—which did not seem hard to those who trod it.

Children went to school young then. It was not unusual to see in the front row little tots hardly more than three years old. The farmer's wife did not lead a life of leisure. Her household duties were many and exacting. The sooner the child could be sent to school, the easier for the overworked mother. She knew her child was safe in school and she was satisfied. These youngsters played with the alphabet. The forms of the letters were variously explained to them and were stamped in their memories, according to the ingenuity and whim of the teacher. There was one such in a district school of nearly a century ago who followed a sort of ideograph system. For instance, the capital letter "A" suggested the harrow used by his father over the plowed fields. The shape of the letter and the frame of the harrow were the same. The letter "O" was anchored in the youthful mind by its resemblance to a wheel or a grindstone. The letter "X" had the form of the familiar sawhorse in the woodshed. So through the alphabet this ingenious teacher planted the images that remained. Spelling was given a prominence in the primitive New England school which, to judge from surviving writings of

the New Englanders of those days, was not entirely justified by the results. "Perfect spellers" were not common. Yet the teaching of spelling was approached with a magnificent assurance. What could be more eloquent of confidence than the title of one of the standard spelling-books used for many years in these schools? This was the title: "The Only Sure Guide to the English Tongue by William Perry, Lecturer of the English Language in the Academy of Edinburgh and author of several valuable school-books."

Who could doubt such a book as that? Just to wade through its pages gave promise of perfection.

There was not an overabundance of conscious psychology in teaching processes years ago. What modern pedagogue would place at the front of a school-book such a picture as adorned Perry's celebrated spelling-book? This devastating frontispiece depicted a tree bearing the most luscious fruit imaginable. From the ground into these laden branches reached a ladder. Up this ladder small boys were climbing; one or two might be seen balanced in the tree itself, reaching for the fruit about them. Other boys were picking up

from the ground fruit which had fallen. At the very summit, rising from the topmost branches, was a boy holding in his hand a book which appeared to be of sufficient interest to engage his entire attention regardless of the fruit beneath him.

Directly below this symbolic representation of the tree of knowledge was a picture of a school-room. At the teacher's desk sat an imposing and unfriendly looking man, bewigged and solemn.

The implied lesson in these two pictures on the frontispiece page of Perry's speller is fairly obvious, but it never touched, we may be sure, the small boys and girls who saw it. The inevitable thought which would come to them, and which by accounts of those who studied this book did in fact come to them, was that it was much pleasanter to climb a tree for apples than it was to go to school.

The teachers most remembered in legends of the district school are those who were harshest. These were not representative, for there was a splendid line of men and women who undertook the difficult and ill-paid task of teaching village and farmland children. The forms of physical discipline varied with

the teachers. Such playful little customs as tying the refractory pupil to a chair, twisting the ear, snapping the head with a thimble on the teacher's finger—these were common-places. More severe was the feruled hand, which when the ferule was vigorously applied was painful. Occasionally there was a husky teacher who undertook successfully to apply a supple rod to the bent back of a pupil. This was old-fashioned stuff and of course not peculiar to New England. Ingenious forms of mild torture were used. One of the favorite methods was to require a pupil to hold at arm's length a heavy book or other object until the muscles ached with excruciating agony. From his seat on the platform the teacher, carrying on the lessons of the class before him, kept one eye on the culprit undergoing the torture in one corner of the room, and if the pupil's arm sagged he would step over and give the elbow a smart rap with his ruler.

A similar unpleasant penalty was to require the pupil to lean forward, preferably without bending the knees, and hold his finger firmly on the head of a nail in the floor. This appeared quite easy for the first few moments,

but it was followed by a dull pain in the back of the head and an increasing dizziness which frequently sent the sufferer into a heap on the floor.

Sometimes rebellious children were made to stand in front of the hot fire until they were nearly baked. In extreme cases, to check or punish whispering, a wooden chip was inserted between the teeth of the unfortunate pupil. Hair-pulling, nose-tweaking, ear-pinching, ear-snapping (this latter with a rubber band when such articles came into use), and other such little devices made school attendance under some teachers highly interesting.

Those extreme forms of punishment, however, were not typical. They occasionally occurred and they are pretty clearly remembered.

While teaching in the old-time schools was in the main simple in the extreme, some phases of it seem almost to have been calculated to confuse. One writer of recollections, who wrote nearly a century ago, thus recalls the definition of punctuation as it was taught to him in his youth:

Punctuation is the art of pointing, or of dividing a discourse into periods by points, expressing the pauses to be made in the reading thereof, and regulating the cadence or elevation of the voice.

Writing was done with a quill pen when ink was used. Here is a custom which has departed almost utterly. It survives in such formal places as the offices of governors, where the quill is still used to sign bills, the quill so used being customarily handed over to some person who was most active in the movement that culminated in the law enacted. How many of these souvenir quill pens remain cherished possessions no man knows. Suggestion of the old custom still lives also in the common word "penknife." Small pocket knives are still commonly so called, and take their name from the time when they were used for trimming quill pens and putting a fresh point on them.

The last person we knew to use a quill pen for everyday purposes was the author's father, Charles Goodrich Whiting, for many years one of the editors of "The Springfield Republican." Up to about the beginning of the present century he wrote his copy on yellow copy-

paper and with a quill pen. The memory of its squeak across the paper still lingers.

The old-time New Englander held arithmetic almost in reverence. The boy was taught to figure almost before he was taught to read and write. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were the chief substance of instruction in the district school, with such frills as Latin, etc., when the enthusiasm of the teacher and the interest of the pupil suggested them.

Old methods of teaching have been superseded by better ways; yet some feel that character is no better built to-day than it was in the rigorous school of the country districts. These district schools still survive in occasional distant places in the New England States, but they are no longer representative of New England education, of which they once were so great a part.

Perhaps the last single items characteristic of those schools to depart from the modern elementary and grammar school were the slate and slate-pencil. Up to the time of the youth of persons now in middle age these unhygienic but highly entertaining mediums of learning were in common use. They had their engaging points. A youngster could amuse himself

with artistic caricatures of the teacher drawn on his slate, and at the approach of danger could with one lick of the tongue destroy the evidence.

The district school, measured by present-day standards, was sadly inefficient. Yet it did as much to make New England strong as any other factor in those days. It laid emphasis on the need for education and on the obligation of the Government to provide it free of cost to the pupil. It linked learning with loyalty. It provided a cement which served to make early New England solid. Its peculiar characteristics have slipped into the mists of memory. It served its purpose.

CHAPTER XV

OLD ECHOES IN OLD TOWNS

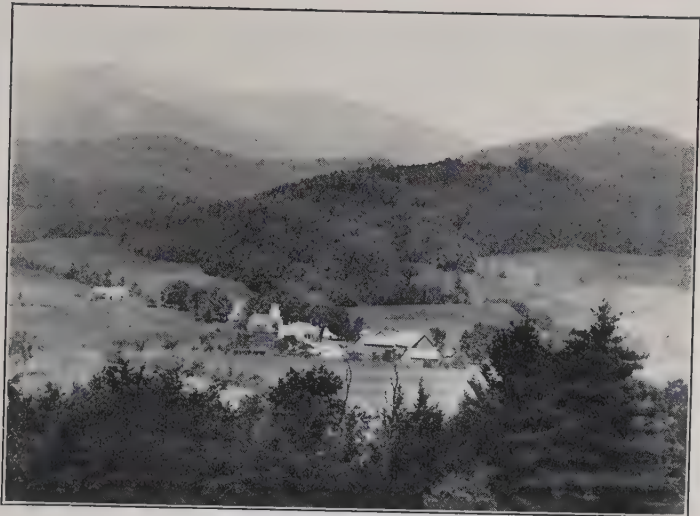
CHARACTERISTIC old New England towns still exist; but they are not typical. They are survivals. Their activities are echoes of what once was common. Just what made the old New England town what it was is debatable. The serious nature of the early colonists, their struggles to make a living, both operated to stamp a definite character on the civilization in this part of the country. The difficulties of travel and the disinclination to do so further cemented these towns into a rather rigid type. They grew up not by premeditation but through a natural course of events.

Probably no region in the world's history has acquired through the passage of time a more definite individuality than New England. The Yankees grew to be a type known throughout the world—often criticized, often admired, but universally respected. A thought pertinent to this social evolutionary process is

that this shaping of the New England type was spontaneous and logical. It was not built on a definite plan.

This was long before the days of "city planning." The New England type, both of people and towns, was a natural growth. Cause and effect showed in the process. To-day such a process would be quite impossible. Civilization is self-conscious. Should a group of simple folk settle somewhere in a remote place and start a village without self-consciousness, as soon as the community showed any signs of prosperity some one would begin to standardize it. It probably would have a town-planning board and a local improvement society. City planners are quite convinced that order is heaven's first law. It may be, but it is not noticeable far from the controlling hand of mankind.

The coming of industrial establishments might be cited as a contributing cause to the breaking-up of old New England traditions; but this would not be quite true. Manufacture of needed products was one of the earliest manifestations of Pilgrim and Puritan. The first factory usually was a grist-mill, because the first necessity of the settlement was ground



SCENIC VIEW OF PLYMOUTH, VERMONT

Where Calvin Coolidge was born



OLD COVERED BRIDGE AND HAY LOAD

"Improved methods of travel have changed New England"

maize. They had to eat. The next necessity was improved material for houses. Hence there soon followed a sawmill. In somewhat later years efforts were made to utilize bog iron, and primitive iron foundries sprang up in many places. Thus New England, like other newly settled regions, undertook in the natural way to develop its resources and improve its condition.

Later, more ambitious industries were established, not simply to supply local needs but to manufacture articles for general trade. Yet these industrial plans did not disrupt old New England. It was quite proper for the daughters of well-to-do New England families to work in the paper-mills and other mills. There was no loss of caste in doing so. Mill employees were largely local people, and employment had a distinctly agreeable social side. With the multiplication of New England industries and with the advent of workers from foreign lands, there was inevitably a change in social and economic conditions in New England cities and towns, but these cannot be called the determining reason for the widespread change in New England life.

Improved methods of travel and communi-

cation changed things, of course. Yet communities left in the backwash of traffic, removed from the main lines of travel, failed to preserve old New England customs and traditions. Some of the most characteristic survivals are villages to-day directly on the railroad, and some of the most melancholy instances of degeneration are villages tucked away in the ancient hills.

Probably the most potent factor in breaking down old traditions on New England farms and in small villages has been the lure of what appeared to be large wages at industrial centers. This lure has tempted usually the most adventurous and the most efficient young men and young women brought up in quiet places. The magnet of money, the thirst for new experiences, the desire for excitement, took countless thousands of the best New England stock away from their ancestral homes and into crowded cities.

If all the people who came from the State of Maine should be removed from Boston it would make a noticeable gap in the population.

Improved methods of travel and other annihilators of time and distance fail to operate by

a fixed rule. They lift some persons and places from obscurity to prominence and fame. Others they ignore.

The changes in New England life have been variously caused. We have noted the fact that the Civil War was perhaps the most devastating influence. While that war was fought on territory far from this region, it drained the young manhood from town and village, and its aftermath affected all the country. That portion of the country which was the oldest in point of civilization suffered severely. The suffering was not material so much as of other kinds.

There is still abundant energy in New England; yet sometimes one finds the reverse. In one town, for example, fire some thirty years ago destroyed the hotel; there was no fire department. This disastrous fire aroused agitation for the purchase of fire apparatus. The argument against this spending of money was that as the largest building in town had already been burned, there was no use in wasting money now. So nothing was bought. The next year the local store was burned, and it was followed by a similar agitation with the same results. It took a third costly fire to stir suf-

ficient interest in the town to procure fire-fighting apparatus. So far as we know, there has never been a fire in that town since, and you could probably find there substantial citizens who lament the cost of the new fire department.

New England has many show-place villages to which people from Kansas and similarly remote places come to see the sights. They bring with them the word "quaint." If you want to make a native Nantucketer writhe, tell him his town is quaint. Nantucket is a unique survival. It is a fortunate beneficiary of hard times. Back before the Civil War, when whaling was at its height, the village of Nantucket on the island so named was a bustling, prosperous, aggressive place. It never looked at itself to see whether it was quaint or not. Its population was around ten thousand or more. Its people were prosperous and well housed.

When whaling collapsed, the dwindling of Nantucket's prosperity began. Its people scattered gradually to livelier places. Its population fell to a low figure. A consequence of this was that there stood in the town many more houses than there were people to oc-

cupy them. Being stout structures built in the best type of New England architecture, they did not fall to pieces. The climate softened their colors to a mouse-gray, and so they stood like silent sentinels guarding memories of their vanished past. Thus through the years when America was producing a type of house almost hideous in its homeliness, no such architectural atrocities were built there. In late years a surging tide of summer vacation folk has swept over the island. These new-comers brought with them the cult of the antique. They found a ready-made ancient village. They took it for their own. The dull years of Nantucket's material decline had fortunately preserved such a group of pleasant places as few communities can show. It had escaped unscathed the debilitating influences of the last half of the nineteenth century.

So Nantucket stands not as a type but as a noticeable instance of surviving New England. Yet it is a fictitious rather than a natural survival. New Nantucket is a delightful echo, but yet an echo of old times.

There are still, however, Nantucket people who bear a close resemblance to their ancestors. There is a local pride on the island.

probably unmatched by any other community of similar size. There are a thousand and one stories of Nantucket, some true, some fictitious, but all designed to indicate the individuality of the Nantucketer. One of these, and a true one, perfectly sets forth the Nantucket attitude toward its own.

A summer visitor paused one bright afternoon to talk with a native daughter who was attending to her flowers in the front yard. The locality was near the ancient jail. After a few words of polite conversation the summer visitor said she should think the other would be afraid to live so near the jail.

"Why should I be afraid?" asked the Nantucketer.

"Why," said the visitor, "I should think you would be afraid of the prisoners who are kept in there sometimes."

"And why should I be afraid of them?" she returned the question; "they are all our own people, aren't they?"

There is another story, not humorous but worth thinking over, of a Nantucket young woman whose behavior was far from what it should be. She was the daughter of an old Nantucket seagoing family, but she was not

worthy of her name. Various efforts had been tried to make her improve her behavior but without success. At last, and as a desperate measure, an official of the town called her to come and see him. When she came he lectured her mildly on her conduct and then gave an ultimatum. It was this: At the next instance of her misbehavior of any sort whatever she would be taken away from the island and not allowed to return. This worked. The young woman, as the story-books say, reformed and led a better life. It is a fact that the threat of deportation was sufficient.

It is also true that when a Nantucketer for some inescapable reason leaves the island and spends a period (as brief as possible) on the mainland, he describes his trip thus: "Been over to America for a few days."

Nantucket could fill many chapters in any book on New England. We have given so much attention to it here because many of the characteristics of local pride and terse expression which once were common in New England have survived there in a concentrated form.

Back in the hills and woods of all the New England States you will find occasional old

homesteads carrying on traditions of three centuries. They are individual survivals rather than representative of a region.

Not all of old New England life was ideal. Much of it was sordid, as is the case in every civilization. Memory deals leniently with the past. It is the human way to remember what is lovely and to forget much of the rest. Despite Shakspeare's observation that "The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones," it is a familiar phenomenon that through the perspective of years we canonize the common. This kindly treatment of the past is not untruth. The true nature of a man manifests itself at the peak of his moral achievement. This is true not only of individuals but also of communities and civilizations. We think of Athens through Pericles. We remember Rome for its grandeur. The grim pyramids and the tombs of the kings catch for us the greatness of Egypt. Yet in all those ancient lands there were sorrow, suffering, and misery.

If the memory of man dwelt overmuch on the miseries of the past he could not stand the accumulated strain. If succeeding generations capitalized the failures instead of the achieve-

ments of preceding eras, civilization would collapse and the world would topple into chaos.

So the backward look on old New England towns catches for us the high lights and the pleasant things. It is not a complete picture; but it is nearer the truth than would be emphasis on the tragic side.

The echoes that come down to us from New England's past sound a note of what New England did and was at its best. The best of New England had its affect on national character and development. The less admirable of New England was swept away and buried by the years.

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CHAPTER XVI

ANCIENT-MODERN CAPE COD

CAPE COD had a name before it had any inhabitants. It is the most characteristically named place in all New England, or indeed in all this country. Gosnold saw its long beckoning arm stretching out to sea as in the days before the Pilgrims he sailed down the Atlantic coast from Cape Ann. This trip of Gosnold's was in some respects symbolic. It was one of the most prophetic of all the gestures made in creating this country. He had with him a group of hardy people who intended to make a permanent settlement here and live by agriculture aided by fishing.

The agricultural experiment failed. His little settlement on what he called Elizabeth Island, now called Cuttyhunk, was soon abandoned by the planters.

The prophetic part of the Gosnold adventure was his note of the abundance of codfish in the waters off the New England coast. It

must have made a mighty impression on him when it led him to christen this reaching arm of sand "Cape Cod."

Thus Cape Cod is older than New England by right of christening.

It was there, in Provincetown Harbor, that the Pilgrims paused. It has been on this narrow stretch of land that much of old New England has survived. In present years the Cape, like all desirable places, has been overrun by summer people. Its character is changing under the impact of man and money. The old story-and-a-half Nantucket house which through centuries raised itself without self-consciousness, and which served to house a home, has become an object of art and a collector's piece. Houses that were built to be lived in now stand to be looked at. They are bric-à-brac too large for the mantelpiece but none the less similarly classified.

There is a sort of irony in the fact that the claim is made for Cape Cod that it has on its territory the first golf links ever laid out in America. Way back in the days before golf became the principal occupation of the American business man, William Bradford Homer Dowse was instrumental in laying out

the course at Wianno. It is claimed for this course that it antedated the Brae Burn course by a few weeks. At all events, Cape Cod was a pioneer in the golf history of New England.

It is a long jump from the adventurous cruise of Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602, with his company of thirty-two persons, to the twentieth century when Cape Cod is criss-crossed by perfect motoring roads and young and old from all parts of the country play through the summer season in its golden sunshine and by the side of its surf.

The old Cape Codder is a hardy strain. Legend tells of sailors in pirate crews who forsook the perils of their lives and came ashore to the Cape to settle down, married respectably, and became revered ancestors. Like all portions of New England, Cape Cod is rich in legends. For instance, there is the story of Hannah Screechum's Island. They call it Grand Island, which is too bad. It is a lovely spot, but it is not grand.

The legend of Hannah Screechum's Island is tied to piracy. The story is that Captain Kidd buried a portion of his gold on this little island, which is in fact a part of the Cape. It seems that the unfortunate Hannah was made

to serve as a guardian of this treasure. The hard-hearted pirate captain killed her and buried her above his gold.

Now there is a very practical reason for this hard-hearted act of the captain's—assuming it is true. Treasure-seekers digging in the sand for pirate gold might be expected to desist if their digging encountered the remains of a human corpse. That very likely was the simple purpose of the pirate. However, as the Cape Codder will tell you the story, the martyred Hannah is an efficient guardian, for whenever any one tries to dig for the treasure on this spot, Hannah screeches in a loud and terrifying voice. This story must be true, because no one has ever dug up any treasure there. If you want to hear Hannah screech you will have to get permission and then locate the spot. We shall not identify it.

Cape Cod houses, like other New England architecture, were the product of necessity. Designed to stand near the sea where winds sweep coldly across in winter months, they hug the ground closely and contented. The typical example is a story and a half high; the form is simple, the proportions are perfect. There is something almost psychic in the

satisfying perfection of these little plain houses. No architect could improve them within the range of their purpose.

One of the curious features of Cape Cod is the amazing number of named villages so small that a passer-by has difficulty in identifying them. Thus, for example, there is Falmouth. Falmouth is an important center and is probably the greatest shipping point for strawberries in that part of the country, the annual export being among hundreds of thousands of boxes. The cranberry, prize modern fruit of the Cape, also finds shipment here. All the Cape knows agriculture and there are some celebrated modern farms thereon. There are many important food crops raised.

Most of the business of Falmouth is concentrated in the village so named. The town, however, contains no less than seventeen villages. Let us take a look at their names, for in this characteristic list we find a mingling of names—modern descriptive names and old Indian survivals. The seventeen villages are these: Falmouth, Ashumet Point, Chapaquoit, Davisville, East End, East Falmouth, Falmouth Heights, Fresh Pond, Hatchville, Megansett, Monauhaunt, North Falmouth, Quis-

sett, Teaticket, Waquoit, West Falmouth, and Woods Hole.

Another town which presents a similarly varied list of villages is Bourne. It includes Bourne, Bournedale, Buzzards Bay, Cataumet, Gray Gables, Head of the Bay, Monument Beach, Pocasset, Sagamore, Sagamore Beach, Sagamore Highlands. With the history of Cape Cod we are not concerned here. It has a rich chronicle, but the story has been told many times. What interests us is the process of change which has removed the Cape into quite another sphere of significance since the days when it was the home place of hardy pioneers.

The old story-and-a-half cottages so characteristic of the Cape remain. Not many years ago they could be obtained for a low price. To-day their value in the market challenges comparison with city prices. It is the same land, they are the same houses; no more will grow in the soil than grew there a century ago. The houses are no stronger and no warmer in winter nor cooler in summer than on the day when they were built. The surf that beats on the south shore is the same surf that sounded in the ears of early-comers. The

quiet waters of the bay have not changed. Yet property values have increased, and in the expansion of that increase we find the story of the change on Cape Cod.

It is no longer the home of hardy settlers. It is the playground of people from all parts of the country who find here a combination of delights. The winds of the sea sweep over it, the sun brightens those gardens in which flowers grow as they can grow only at the sea-shore; and the ancient houses follow within the cult of modern worship for the antique.

There is industry still on Cape Cod, apart from the passion for collecting money in the summer months from willing contributors to the Cape's prosperity. The cultivation of cranberries has increased and is a profitable activity. On portions of the Cape asparagus is raised in large quantities. These modern manifestations of agriculture have little in common with the agriculture which the old-timers years ago combined with fishing. To-day on Cape Cod there are two groups of profitable business—the raising of modern crops and the cultivation of summer holiday pleasure-seekers. Both are profitable and admirable, but they do not link up with the days which

made Cape Cod famous, nor do they preserve the sources of charm and beauty which were the possession of the Cape in more primitive days.

Cape Cod not many years ago escaped catastrophe. Following the feverish real-estate boom in Florida, speculative enterprise sought to reap from Cape Cod similar fantastic profits. Some real-estate subdivision was designed decently, but men of the cheapest description flooded other portions of the Cape and threatened to destroy all that was characteristic and lovely there. The threatened catastrophe was averted, and perhaps in the gesture by which this was done we can find a survival of the essential nature of the Cape and its people. An organization covering the entire Cape was perfected, one of the primary purposes of which was to prevent the sale of land. This is perhaps not a precise statement, but it carries the thought which inspired the Cape Cod trade organization. We do not know of many organizations built up for the purpose of preventing land booms. This was one. The sane business man of the Cape foresaw the disaster which inevitably would follow a continuance of the wild speculation and insincere land

development which had been begun chiefly by persons whose headquarters were far removed from Cape Cod.

This organization's activities, aided presumably by the decline in the frenzy of land speculation elsewhere, saved the day. The land gambler from afar folded his tents like the celebrated Arab and stole away. He had not succeeded in stealing anything else. There remained honest groups of men who undertook to develop Cape Cod real estate for summer uses and to retain in the process the architectural characteristics of the region. So we have Cape Cod fitting into the picture of New England as a summer playground, and with that the myriad of tiny Cape villages facing a deserved prosperity. The natural attractions of the place resist destruction and dilution. The Cape prospers.

Yet Cape Cod has changed utterly from what it once was. If you wander down the inexpressibly beautiful shaded streets of the older villages of the north, or bay side, you may imagine yourselves stepping back a century to the quiet of those days; but the illusion will not last. The form is there but the substance has departed.

These changes are inevitable and are not to be lamented. Rather should we be thankful that in the growth of modern summer vacation play so much that is beautiful of old Cape Cod is assured of preservation. Like a fine painting which preserves for us the features of one long gone, so the modern picture of Cape Cod which all may see saves something of that which was once the Cape.

For one change relating to Cape Cod the world may give heartfelt thanks. With the cut of the canal through the end of the Cape closest to the mainland there has been a lessening in the tragic list of ships wrecked off the treacherous sand-bars south and east of the crooked shore-line. Highland Light still stands and sends its beams across the sea. Shipwrecks are not unknown there now. With the shortening of the route from the southern coast to Boston and the north, however, much traffic which in other days beat its difficult way around the elbow of the Cape, and came too often upon disaster and death off the sandy shores, now avoids that dangerous journey and sails in safety through the slow waters of the canal into Massachusetts Bay.

Thus the grim chapter which contributed

to the prominence of Cape Cod in the world's calamities tapers into the more agreeable chapter of navigation on these coasts, a picture less dramatic and less dreadful.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VERSATILE CLIMATE

MARK TWAIN once observed that every one complained about the weather but no one ever did anything about it. No study of changing New England would be complete without some reference to the New England weather or climate. It has been more described than any other matter relating to this region.

To start square, we assert that the New England climate is the best climate anywhere on this round earth. It is a liberal climate. It serves all. Those who like the Arctic regions can find a taste of them in a New England winter. Those who prefer the tropics can perspire pleasantly through portions of a New England summer. It is a climate for all people.

The only trouble with the weather in the New England States is that New Englanders have been apologizing for it during several centuries. If, like southern California, which

made sunshine famous, New England had begun years ago to boast of what it has in the way of delightful days, there would have been a different story to tell.

Weather is in considerable degree a state of mind. Once a resident of Florida was visiting a relative in New Hampshire. He was setting forth in glowing terms the delights of living in that sunny southern State.

"Oh," said the New Hampshire man, "doesn't it get pretty hot in Florida during the summer?"

"Oh, dear no," said the Florida booster. "Indeed, we have quite chilly nights there even in midsummer. Why, many a night in August it has turned so cold before morning that I have had to reach down and pull up the sheet."

There is no more depressing item in human existence than unrelieved monotony. To do the same thing, see the same people, experience the same mild emotions day after day, year after year, is well-nigh insupportable to all but those of the most phlegmatic type. To sit in ease beneath an unceasing sunshine, to know days or weeks ahead that the weather will be of the same even comfort, takes from

life that zest which can come only from the impact of change.

New England climate is not made for the weak, yet it makes the weak strong. It is unquestionably true that much of the story of New England is based on the diversity of New England weather. Its rigors drove the first colonists to build securely against discomfort and to plant with forethought, in order that there might be no privation the year around. The climate drove them to continuing exertion and from this grew permanent achievement. There is in all human nature a yielding tendency. Let comfort and possessions come without effort and many men or women will sit resting to receive them. There are outstanding natures which pursue activity for its own sake. There are those at the other extreme who are passive under any and all conditions. The great mass of humanity, however, adapts itself to circumstances and environment. The majority of the population of the world reflects through racial and national history something of the climate in which it lives.

New England's climate is stimulating. In all the world there is nothing more beautiful

than a New England June day at its best. The air dances with sunshine, the trees show their fresh foliage unfaded and unmarred. The air is warm yet stirring. Those regions which take pride in their succession of sunny days cannot on any one of them surpass the beauty of a New England June.

What can those who live in warm climates know of the clean vigor of a New England winter? Those who have never seen a New England hill country blanketed with snow have missed one of the greatest beauties nature knows. To stand on a hilltop and look across the billowing country-side, with the late afternoon sun slanting across snow-fields, shading from white through pale lavender; to see the sentinel trees rising in their clear and graceful outline unhidden by foliage; to catch the glint of diamonds on some wind-swept spread of pond or lake and to breathe the air fragrant with the utter cleanness of the snow-swept air—this, a New England privilege, would not be surrendered by the New Englander for all the flower gardens and orchards of the glowing tropics.

Much has been written in ecstasy of wonder and praise of the luxuriance of tropical

growth. Yet there is no land on this or on the other hemisphere which can show a richer opulence than a New England country-side. Let a public road through the hills be abandoned for a few years, then nature creeps softly in, wipes away the scar of man's making, and covers all with the unbroken green of the forest. Let a farm be abandoned by its owners and left to live its own life, and in a little while it reverts to conditions with which mankind has nothing to do except to observe and wonder.

There is no growth of tree and plant anywhere in the world more splendid or more plentiful than in New England. Nature, manifested in things older than mankind, shouts its joy at the climate which gives it life.

We have in New England "spells" of hot weather; yet there is no period so warm that it is not made endurable by the certainty that in a few days there will come relief. We have days in the winter when the mercury falls far below zero, and days when the fine hard snow beats like shot against the window-panes. Yet we know here in New England that there is an end in sight. There is no extremity of weather, hot or cold, from which relief is not

ever near at hand. Let the coldness of winter bear down on the patience of people toward the end of February or March, there is just around the corner the sure coming of spring. When the heat of late August begins to oppress, when the foliage has become gray or brown beneath the beating summer sun, we know that just ahead are crisp, fragrant autumn days.

What can those who live in even-tempered climes know of the repeated miracles of spring and autumn? What has a season of incessant sunshine to offer equal to the fresh splendor of a shower-cooled summer day? Where in all the world is there so energizing a season as that which comes to New England in October, the fallen leaves carpeting the ground in a splendor of varied hues, trees raising gestures toward the skies, and all nature rejoicing?

The truth about the New England climate is that it has a greater percentage of splendid days than any other land. This splendor is not all sunshine nor all warmth. It has the beauty of changing seasons. It presents an unending panorama of creation. In New England this old world is created anew year after year and the wonder of it never stales.

CHAPTER XVIII

TOWN MEETING AND TALK

THE New England town meeting is the basis of the American form of government. On the thought which it created has been built the structure of representative government.

The old New England town meeting was not perfect, but it was essentially right in purpose and effective in action. It came nearer to achieving the desired results of government in close accord with public opinion than any preceding machinery of government had done.

Here we come to a phase of early New England life which has remained potent even to this day. While it has changed both as to custom and equipment in these pioneer States, both the significance and the effect of the town meeting remain much as they were. Yet there is discernible a change even here, and though we may retain indefinitely this form of local government, it must reflect the views of different circles of political philosophy as the in-

habitants of towns and villages change their character.

Let us see how closely our familiar existing forms of state and national government resemble the original town meeting. These town meetings trace their origins back to the year 1633 when on October 8 New England's first town meeting was born in Dorchester—then a town but now a part of Boston.

The theory of the town meeting was that every citizen of the town should have a free right to express his views in debate and should have a free right to vote for or against any and every proposal relating to town government. This was close kin to pure democracy. Theoretically, one man's voice was as loud as another's. One man's vote was as sure as that of another. Although predatory man and selfish organized interests learned early how to turn the town meeting to their own acquisitive purpose, it yet remained essentially true that through a town meeting public opinion in the community could and did find valued expression.

The hardest thing in this world to muzzle is the New England town meeting.

What is the kinship between this system and

that of a state legislature, by which we apply representative government? Let us assume that it is desired or designed to govern a large unit such as a State exactly as we have governed the small unit like the town. This would require that on a given date every citizen of the State should gather at a common point and there, assembled in open meeting, should consider the articles in the warrant—that is, the items of proposed legislation. This would be a state meeting modeled exactly on the town meeting. It is manifestly prohibited by the number of persons involved. How then shall we approximate the desired unit and yet bring the performance within necessary limitations? By the simple process of choosing in each neighborhood some one person to go to the designated central spot in the State and there represent us and proceed as in a town meeting. That is substantially what a legislature is. The State is divided into neighborhoods which we call legislative districts. Each sends one or more representatives to the General Court. Thus, when we refer to a House of Representatives we mean exactly that. The members of the House are there simply to represent their neighborhoods. A meeting of a

legislative body in America is application of the town meeting idea brought down to wieldy proportions.

It is the same with the National Congress. In theory we would send to Washington all the people of the country to talk things over and decide what is best to be done for the public interests in all portions of the land. Here again we overcome the obstacle of numbers by dividing the country into neighborhoods having roughly 200,000 or so inhabitants, and these neighborhoods we call for convenience congressional districts. From each such district, or neighborhood, goes a representative to Washington. There these men and women from all parts of the forty-eight States of the Union meet and talk things over. When they have discussed them they decide what shall be done. That is all there is to legislative debate and to legislation. It is simply the principle of the New England town meeting adapted to the necessities of a great nation.

The secret of this nation's endurance and sustenance over a century and a half is exactly the same secret which explains the successful operation of the town meeting in the days



Courtesy of Boston & Maine Railroad

THE OLD MANSE AT CONCORD

Ralph Waldo Emerson had faith in the town-meeting

when this nation was being created—even long before the days of the American War for Independence. The secret is simply this: it is human.

Every resident of the old New England town understood the town meeting. He knew its characters, he knew its practical politicians, he knew what could be done and what could be prevented. It was not always efficient. It was always human. That in essence is the story of representative government. Other forms may produce more sensational achievements at times. The will of a despot may procure a degree of cold efficiency impossible under our representative form. It never has produced and it cannot produce a government resting so easily on the shoulders of the people. The argument for democracy is not that it is perfect. It is as imperfect as those who make and those who constitute it. That is why it has lasted so long and that is why the American people have progressed as they have.

This nation owes much to the New England town meeting. Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking at Concord, Massachusetts, once said:

In a town meeting the great secret of political science was uncovered, and the problem solved how to give every individual his fair weight in the government without any disorder from numbers.

The old-time Yankee knew what he was doing when he developed this method of local government. It is the fashion, in a day when liberty is assumed to be a synonym for license and disbelief, to revile the Puritans. It is an easy way to momentary eminence to attack them as simple-minded bigots. Such attacks deviate as far from the truth as do eulogies which impute to the Puritan only unearthly godliness and a spirit of altruistic sacrifice for the academic cause of virtue.

Neither extreme picture of the Puritan is true. These men and women had their share of human flaws. Their faults were not often those of weakness. They blundered often, worked injustice sometimes, but they built as close to eternity as is possible in human affairs. This little group of persons, poor in this world's goods, set upon shores of a land from which a living could be wrung only by strenuous labor, yet established and developed that foundation and structure without which

there could have been no such republic as we know. It was this pioneer settlement which made representative government inevitable and which devised a plan by which it could continue to succeed on this continent.

John Adams of Massachusetts, President of the United States, had this to say of the Puritans, as he was quoted in the diary of Josiah Quincy's sister in 1823:

Our ancestors, the Puritans, were a most unpopular set of men: yet the world owes all the liberty it possesses to them. Mr. Hume acknowledges that this is so. The world owes more to the Puritans than to any other sect.

Towns even to-day yield up their town meeting only with reluctance, and then only when the size of the town compels a change. Some New England towns, grown too large to accommodate all their citizens in a town meeting of the old form, have so nearly clung to the ancient model that they have worked out what is called a representative town meeting. Its nature is sufficiently indicated by the name. The philosophy of government in America has always recognized the vital importance of the individual. We conduct our na-

tional political affairs through the mediums of national political parties. The doctrine of party regularity is persistently preached. The argument in its behalf is persuasive and is set forth honestly—that through party loyalty we create party responsibility; that through the strength of organized political party action the people of the country have always at hand a means to correct mistakes or misdeeds in government.

This doctrine of party regularity is a reasonable doctrine, yet there never has been a national political party in this country which could hold its ranks unbroken by the mere assertion of partizan obligation. No political party in this country can long endure after it ceases to deserve life. Our political parties are constantly on trial before a jury composed of their own members.

Thus the power and independence of the individual citizen are the most notable items in our national political life.

This high regard for individualism was fostered by and in the early town meetings. In the town hall of the New England village the individual has his say. Patriot or crank,

educated or ignorant, his views will be heard. This again is not efficiency. It is humanity.

In the necessary technicalities of legislation on so large a scale as comes before the national House of Representatives there enters an inevitable suppression of some portion of this individuality. Suppressed in the House, it rises to freedom in the national Senate.

It is not within the purpose of this book to enter on a discussion of the principles and purposes of our National Government nor to debate its methods, except in so far as we find manifested to-day something from the heritage of the New England town meeting.

We find in the United States Senate that thorough freedom of speech which was the most potent and significant feature of the town meeting in its best days. Let those who, professing impatience at the verbosity of the Senate, would impose a drastic limitation on debate consider well before they counsel or acquiesce in a change which would close the last surviving outlet for an utterly unhampered free speech. That freedom of utterance is the great distinguishing power of the Senate. By its entire freedom of speech it does

certainly utter an appalling amount of valueless words. It does certainly open the gates for the oratory of the demagogue who succeeds in reaching the Senate. It does certainly make possible those filibusters by which legislation is aborted through the unquenchable flow of meaningless talk. These evils are inseparable from free speech, whether in the Senate or on the street corner. Nevertheless, they are a small price to pay for the knowledge that here stands one great rostrum where no man's utterance can be stifled. It is conceivable that there might come a time in the affairs of our nation when there should be poignant need for one free, untrammelled, and undaunted voice raised against corruption or abuse. Should such a crisis come, it might be the salvation of our land that the Senate offered the stage upon which the drama of national preservation might be acted.

This doctrine of free speech, which is almost a religion, comes directly down to our time from the early New England town meeting. Let it not escape consideration that the Pilgrims and the Puritans were talkers as well as doers. Let it not escape thought that in all the history of the world there has never been

an act which was not preceded by talk. The town meeting acted, but it talked first.

That also is a truth explaining much in the history of our country.

That nation is best governed which talks before it acts, provided it thinks before it talks.

The New England town meeting was based on thought, words, and action. It is the greatest heritage of America.

CHAPTER XIX

THE UNDYING TYPE

THE New England type is gradually succumbing to the pressure of superior numbers. It does not succumb to other forces. Individually it persists. You may find throughout the New England States men and women, young and old, who closely resemble those who first established civilization here. The New England Yankee remains what he is. His submergence under the tide of time is due, not to any change in him and his sons and daughters, but to a shrinking percentage of his kind in the mass of people taken altogether.

One of the most notable results of the election of Calvin Coolidge of Vermont and Massachusetts to the Presidency of the United States was the sudden reminder of the vitality of this ancient American type. It had been suggested by many unfamiliar with these regions outside of large cities such as Boston,

Springfield, Portland, Providence, Manchester, etc., that the New England characteristics as individually manifested were no more. It had been assumed by such as gave the matter any thought that there was no such living human being as Mr. Coolidge in fact proved to be.

Of President Coolidge's service to the nation we need not speak. What interests us here is the fact, which seems to us important, that he thrust before the national gaze the reality that old-fashioned New England characteristics and New England types not only survived but rose to commanding position.

It is not to be inferred that every man in New England outside the cosmopolitan centers thinks, talks, and lives as does Mr. Coolidge. The New Englander was no more cast in a mold than is the inhabitant of any other region. The Yankees of old and those of today vary as widely as may any similar number of persons sprung from the same or related racial stocks. Through the centuries certain characteristic manifestations came to be regarded as typical of the New Englander. Some of these are correctly so regarded and some are not. For instance, there never lived

a New England Yankee anything like the standard New Englander met in British works of fiction. This strange creature, who is ungrammatical, impudent, and grotesque, never had any physical existence.

Mr. Coolidge presented in his appearance, his speech, his philosophy of life, and his manner of living much that was representative of old New England. When he went first to Washington to become Vice-President of the United States he had traveled little beyond New England borders. When, one day shortly after his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, a friend called upon him in his office at the Massachusetts State House to congratulate him on his prospects, he replied: "I know the people up here in New England. I don't know them down in Washington." That was so. His family settled first in Watertown, Massachusetts, back early in the seventeenth century. His ancestors forced their way through the wilderness up into the hills of Vermont. There they took root in the town of Plymouth. Calvin Coolidge was educated at Amherst College in Massachusetts. He then began the practice of law in Northampton in that State, and thence by the pathway of political ad-

vancement moved on to Boston and to Washington. Thus in a half century of life he strode from the fields of a little New England hill village, through the avenues of education and the honors of state government, into the highest office in the land; and when this mighty stride was ended in achievement at Washington he turned simply back and resumed life in the little house whence he had gone on his great career so short a time before.

Without regard to the achievements of his administration in office, state and national, and without futile forecast as to his future, let it not escape attention that here was a New England type, and that he turned instinctively back to the things he knew and had loved as soon as he was a free agent and could direct his steps whither he wished to go.

The New Englander is by nature emotional, but abhors any evidence of it. What passes for coldness is a dislike for demonstration. The sentiment or emotion of the New England type is a thing *sui generis*. It has no resemblance to and little kinship with the emotionalism of southern races. The manifestation of passion seems to the New Englander but a weakness of self-control. Self-control is some-

thing besides control of the features and the voice. It is the control of the thought itself. It is not a calculated control, but is inborn. There is a sort of automatic catch in the cogs of New England character by which, when the emotional machinery begins to whirl, there is a click and the noise stops.

Thus the typical Yankee is supposed to be an unemotional being. By external appearances that is what he is—and what she is. Yet if we are to judge by deeds and sacrifices, by devotions and loyalties, by affections and veneration, then we must know that somewhere at the depths of New England nature is a great well of sentiment.

There is an old story, probably printed many times, which serves eloquently to set forth the New Englander's disinclination to indulge in sentimental demonstrations even of the mildest degree. The story concerns an eminent New York actor who had been advised by his physician to seek rest and recreation in the simple life of a Maine fishing village. He had broken down from overwork and the excitements of Broadway and he hoped for great results from his New England experiment. He wrote to an old captain

whom we will call Captain Snow, and engaged from him accommodations in his home.

On the appointed day our theatrical friend alighted from the train in the Maine village. He was the only passenger to alight. No one was there to greet him. The station agent ignored him. Not knowing where to find the home of Captain Snow, he walked across to the village store and asked. The storekeeper informed him that the captain's house lay about half a mile up the road, but that the captain himself was out on the end of the dock fishing.

The New York man decided to walk down the dock and make himself known to the man who was to be his host for the summer. Sure enough, there on the end of the dock sat a grizzled specimen, bushy-whiskered, smoking a corn-cob pipe and fishing peacefully and silently. His guest from New York, attired in becoming Broadway raiment, stepped to the old man's side and looked condescendingly upon him. There was no response to the look. The old man continued to fish. It was as if there were no one beside him.

The city man was not accustomed to being ignored and he felt ill at ease. Thinking pos-

sibly the old man might be near-sighted he coughed discreetly and moved a step nearer to the fisherman. Still there was no sign of interest.

At this the visitor lost patience. He had never been treated before with such cold indifference. It was not a snub. It was worse. It was absolute social zero. He addressed the captain in his most effective Broadway voice thus:

"Captain Snow, I think you must know that I am your guest for the summer. I have just arrived on the train from New York City. I confess I was a little disappointed that no one met me at the station. I had hoped for a warmer welcome. I have come down here on the dock to meet you. I confess I expected more attention than I have received. I am greatly disappointed."

At this the imperturbable Captain Snow slowly removed the pipe from his mouth and, slightly turning his head so that he fixed his visitor with a cold gray look, he asked:

"What d'ye want I should do? Kiss ye?"

Similarly expressive of the distaste for expressed emotion was the reply of the old farmer who fell off his hay load. When an in-

quirer asked him if the fall had hurt him he replied:

"Wal, it ain't done me much good."

Many analyses of the New England character and nature have been made. How close a resemblance is there between the New Englander of to-day and those of past generations? In a changing New England, has the change come in the characteristics of the New England stock or has the change come in the mass population of the region through the admixture of people of other origins?

The latter seems to us to be the case. Go back off the beaten track into the villages tucked away in the northern and western hills and you will find there men and women true to type. We recall one hot summer morning, when we had been driving the back roads in search of cattle, we came upon a clean white clapboard house with dark green blinds set under a group of lofty maples by the turn of the road. Going to the back door to make inquiries, we found that the old gentleman and his wife were just sitting down to breakfast. We were invited to join them and we did. Here as we sat at this Berkshire Hills breakfast-table we might have imagined ourselves

at some similar table a century ago. The atmosphere of old times was there. The old gentleman and his wife, he stoop-shouldered from labor in the field and barn, she gaunt and gray from the passage of years, might have sat so at the board of the Puritans in the Massachusetts Bay Colony nearly three centuries before. Here was no change.

We recall an aged postmaster of a little town high in the western hills, whose invariable practice it was to heap upon the floor of his space behind the letter-boxes the sack full of mail tossed out from the daily stage. Then, sitting on the floor beside the little heap of mail matter, he assorted it slowly and painfully, reading each address through his thick-lensed spectacles. The postal-cards he invariably read on both sides before placing them in their proper boxes. Not until the last piece of mail had been thoroughly inspected by him and not until the last postal-card had been read did he open the little wicket door through which he passed the mail to those who came for it. He was true to type, not stirred by the opinion of others, inflexible in his determination to go through with what he

had begun in the way he was accustomed to do it.

If the New England type survives but does not increase in number—for old New England families are small in these days—and if these New Englanders are becoming vastly outnumbered by other types, what is there to survive and keep New England characteristic as a particular part of this country?

Perhaps there is this: The New England Yankee is a strong breed. He is not to be persuaded against his will. He asserts what he believes. In the contacts of many people through New England it has occurred and still occurs that much that was universally representative of New England in past years has grown into the fabric of the new weaving. Men and women of other racial origins have got something from the New England atmosphere. Perhaps there is such a thing as a New England civilization which is stronger than any individual and which will continue to give a special character or set of characteristics to the people who continue to live in these Northeastern States of America.

CHAPTER XX

SILENCE AND TALK

THE New England Yankee has a reputation for extreme silence. This reputation appears to have been crystallized permanently by the Presidential administration of Calvin Coolidge of Vermont and Massachusetts. In the matter of speech the New Englander presents a paradox: he is at once the most silent and the most talkative of men—and it is the same with women. There is a spiteful old story of the Vermonter who was asked how his wife was getting along. He replied that he had not spoken to her for more than a week. When his inquisitive acquaintance asked him why, he replied:

“I didn’t like to interrupt her.”

That of course is a mean story and we may suppose it is not true. However, the disinclination of the New Englander to debate unnecessarily is an established fact. When occasion calls for talk he can turn loose a notable vo-

cabulary, distinguished less by the variety of words than by their forcefulness.

In town meeting silence does not reign. Why, New England's government, which pointed the way for our National Government, had its inception in the debate and assertion of early town meetings. There never was a region which owed more to talk than does New England.

These people talk when they have something to say, and when they have something to say there is no known method to prevent their talking. The disposition which has given them their wide reputation for taciturnity is their disinclination to talk superfluously. The New Englander has the instinctive knowledge that sometimes more may be said in a few words than by many. For instance, there is the story of the prominent Bostonian who called upon Calvin Coolidge when he was governor of Massachusetts, to set before him a plan which seemed to the caller to be of much importance. He was eager and eloquent in the presentation of his argument to Governor Coolidge. He talked uninterruptedly for some fifteen or twenty minutes. During this flow of words Mr. Coolidge sat silent. Not even by



a flutter of the eyelids was it possible for the other to read the governor's thoughts. When at last the visitor had ended his presentation of the plan he paused and looked at the governor for comment. He got it. What Mr. Coolidge said was this:

" 'T won't amount to anything."

What could more effectually end the incident than that?

One of the familiar old New England stories is that of a summer resident who, driving home, came upon a farmer's boy whose hay load had toppled over and lay in a great heap by the side of the road. The boy was engaged in pulling the hay to one side. The city man, after a very brief and not very productive conversation and after much urging, persuaded the boy to come home with him and have some lunch.

"You come and rest and eat, and then after lunch I'll get some of my men to help you get your hay back on the wagon."

Reluctantly the boy accompanied the other toward the near-by house, but as he went he kept muttering to himself:

"Father won't like it."

At last the older man stopped and faced the boy.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Why won't your father like it?"

"Because," said the boy, "he is under the hay load."

The New Englander has developed a way of immediately adjusting himself to circumstances—this also without superfluous debate. Faced with unexpected facts, he is not likely to burst forth in indignation or amazement; he is more likely to keep silent and proceed in the way circumstances suggest. The story of the hay load presumably is fiction. The case of Harry Childs is true. It illustrates the Yankee's acceptance of an unexpected fact and immediate adjustment to it.

Harry Childs lived in a western Massachusetts village. It was his custom, as was not uncommon in old New England, to "keep Saturday night." That is, his observance of the Sabbath began on the evening before. Mr. Childs was an enthusiastic checker-player. It was his delight to play checkers with whatever adversary presented himself nearly every evening. One week he lost count of the days,

and thus on Friday night he sat down with his Bible and with a stern and sincere piety began his weekly poring over the pages. His spectacles well forward on his nose, his back bent to bring his eyes closer to the text, he was deep in contemplation of the ever new wonders of the Book. The door opened and a neighbor entered.

The visitor paused in amazement. Childs raised his eyes in grudging greeting to the one who had interrupted his spiritual pursuit. The visitor stood and grinned at him. Mr. Childs looked a question, and the visitor explained:

"This isn't Saturday night, it's Friday."

Whereupon Mr. Childs immediately slapped his Bible shut with a resounding bang and got out the checker-board. There was no occasion for talk. He stepped from Saturday to Friday with no superfluous motion.

This custom of "keeping Saturday night" was taken very seriously by the devout men and women of old New England days. One of these who lived in Deerfield, Massachusetts, was on his way home to the village one Saturday afternoon, driving an ox team with a load of wood. The ox is a sure but unexciting animal. Like the revolution of the earth

upon its axis, the motion of a team of oxen is reliable but deliberate. Time drifted by as the Deerfield man slowly approached his home village with his oxen. He had reached a group of houses known locally as the Bars, but a short distance south of the village, when, looking toward the horizon, he saw the sun drop from sight behind it.

He promptly unyoked his oxen and took them home. He left the load of wood standing by the side of the road, and there it remained until Monday.

For those who do not let their religion interfere with their convenience we commend this story of Mr. Root of Deerfield and his load of wood.

Some few years ago a young man, a graduate of Yale, was on a lecture tour through New England. His topics were literary and classical. His route included some of the smaller places in the Northeastern States. At one such town he wandered down to the local opera-house, at which he was to deliver his evening lecture. As he approached the doorway he saw upon the bulletin-board a printed statement that at 8:00 P.M. Mr. So-and-so would lecture on the poetry of Keats. Stand-

ing before the bulletin-board and painfully spelling out with near-sighted eyes and moving lips the printed announcement was a sturdy son of the soil, a typical New England farmer. When he had spelled out the last word of the lecture announcement he turned and walked away, making as he went this sufficient comment:

“Wal, he kin.”

The Yankee resents unnecessary words. He also fails to be enthusiastic about advice offered him. Thus it was with Sam Wilson, who with his employer went out one day to grind scythes. As the work started, Sam sat down on an overturned box to grind. This aroused his employer to an expression of contempt, the burden of his remarks being that Sam would never git rich by sitting down to grind. Sam possessed the power of repartee. His retort, which closed the debate, was this:

“I’ve known men to get rich by minding their own business.”

This finality of reply is one of the most typical characteristics of the old-fashioned Yankee. Modern sophistication has not improved on it. How it developed in New England it would be difficult to say. Certainly the

colonists did not bring it from old England with them. It is typically American. It is serviceable in village life, and applied in a wider field is equally useful. Mr. Coolidge as President of the United States found it so. The faculty of uttering one sentence which disarms or prevents any further debate or reply is invaluable in public and business life. Few men have it. Most of us instinctively like to argue. Our replies are likely to be made for the purpose of provoking a rejoinder from the other person. The old New Englander did just the opposite. His purpose was to say something which would stop the talk.

Even in simple affairs of village trading and personal business this finality of utterance was common. Thus the difference of opinion between two brothers who lived in the town of Wisdom, Massachusetts, was settled.

These two brothers did not hitch together very well. At last their affairs came to a crisis and one of them left the home in Wisdom and moved to South Deerfield. He took the horse with him.

The brother who remained in Wisdom thought the situation over and then followed the other to South Deerfield. He approached

his brother and delivered this brief but comprehensive summing up of the situation and outline of his purpose:

"I've come down for the horse. I shall take it, and I shall take it to Wisdom, and I shall take the head part. If you want your part you can cut it off."

To which it will be observed there could be no adequate reply.

There was plenty of talk at the town meeting which might be indicative of the close association between the early town government and membership in the orthodox church of the time. Town meetings frequently were held in the meeting-house, and government and godliness were assumed to be about the same thing. If in the meeting-house the minister did the talking, in the town meeting the individual citizen had his say. This town-meeting custom developed, as it was intended to do, a high degree of intelligent interest on the part of the people in all town affairs. They came to the town meeting well informed and eager to express their opinions. Sometimes the moderator of the meeting was a dictator who succeeded in restricting free speech, but usually



THE OLD COUNTRY STORE AND POST-OFFICE

"The political convention began in the country store"



the contrary was the case. These were democratic gatherings and they developed a power of expression and a directness of thought which explained much of New England leadership in the early days of this nation's development.

The town meeting was a great place for talk. It was not the only place; another was at the village grocery.

There sat in many a New England village a sort of perpetual political convention. It met by custom in the village grocery store. For refreshments it had dried apples, prunes, crackers, and salt codfish. Salt codfish did not then come packed in wooden boxes. The fish, dried and salted in its original shape, hung from the ceiling. It was not nearly so clean and free from bones as the modern article, but it had a salty tang to it that has been lost in these more hygienic days.

Here amid the hardware, etc., and to the accompaniment of pipes, chewing-tobacco, and, on cold days, an iron stove in the center of the room, the affairs of state and nation were discussed. If the New England town meeting suggested the framework upon which

our whole government scheme is built, it is equally true that the American political convention began in the country grocery.

Much has been written of the old-fashioned country store and its debates, checker games, and gossip. It was a picturesque and delightful phase of New England life. It survives in many places to this day; yet it has lost much of its significance. The automobile has broken down physical isolation of the villages and thereby has changed the current of village talk. Fine old men still play checkers in the country store and post-office and they still talk politics. They no longer initiate or determine issues as once they undeniably did.

It is a fair conclusion that the New Englander, in the days when his characteristics were most pronounced, was not taciturn so much as discriminating. He had no halting utterance when it appeared to him that he might speak to a purpose. He had a distaste for wasted words. Perhaps this was a part of his addiction to thrift.

CHAPTER XXI

NEW ENGLAND MAGIC

THE magic of New England has been its power to impress its character on that with which it came in contact. The characteristics of early New Englanders were communicated to those of other races who came hither, and were carried westward across the continent by the venturesome sons and daughters of the East who sought the new lands and new prosperity of the West.

Outstanding milestones in the evolution of New England were, first, the coming of the Pilgrims and of the Puritans who followed them; the establishment of civil government on this continent; the protest against oppression and against taxation without representation; the War for American Independence; the establishment of our free government under the Constitution; the development of a material prosperity as natural resources were discovered and utilized; the tremendous shock

of slavery and the Civil War, and then that amazing era of progress which brings us down through the World War and to the present day.

Of all these chapters in the story of our country, that which has to do with the Civil War most accurately coincides with the beginning of widespread changes in New England. It was not only the fact of the war and its drain upon young manhood which worked the change. Following that war, and the tighter binding of the Union indivisible, there came a startling increase in the flood of immigration to this country; and much of this flood poured over the Atlantic seaboard. Thus, beginning shortly before the Civil War and ever increasing in the years since, there has flowed into and through New England a strange stream from the Old World. A weaker people than the native New Englanders would have been swamped and obliterated by such a tide.

As we stand in the midst of modern plenty, with our population well exceeding one hundred millions, it is difficult to comprehend the state of the country a century ago when the population was less than one ninth as

large. In 1830 the population of the country was 12,866,020. By 1860 the figure had grown to 31,443,322. By the end of the year 1866, with the Civil War ended, the population was 34,605,882. This was rapid growth as compared with population increases in older countries, yet it was as nothing to what was to follow.

These figures concern New England principally as we examine them and discover from what sources these increases came. At the conclusion of the Civil War about one third only of the population was native in birth and descent. Two thirds were either immigrants or their descendants.

We hear much to-day of the effect of immigration on the racial stock and sectional characteristics of New England. We hear the comment that during the last half century the Yankee has been overrun and submerged by the hordes of European races. Yet the figures show that if New England was to be obliterated by immigration, this should have occurred long, long ago.

The flow of foreign races toward America began to increase not long after the establishment of the American Republic. Between the

years 1819 and 1829 only 128,502 immigrants came to this country. During the next ten years the number was 538,381. In the next decade this number had approximately doubled, reaching the total of 1,427,337. During the eleven years from 1849 to 1860, the beginning of the Civil War, 2,968,194 immigrants came here. From what countries did this early immigration come, reaching a total of 5,062,414 new-comers between 1819 and 1860?

The great bulk of them came from Great Britain and Ireland—2,750,874. There was no very jarring impact from this stream, for the racial background was substantially the same as that of the native New Englanders themselves. There was, however, this distinct difference, that the New Englander of this soil had evolved within him his own peculiar philosophy of life, his own conception of and attitude toward government, and in general had built up an accumulation of characteristics not to be found in any racial heritage from the British Isles. Thus, while these two and three quarter millions who came from those islands in the first half of the nineteenth century were of similar origin to the native

New Englander, they were quite different in their outlook on things in general.

The next largest immigration group for that period came from Germany and numbered 1,486,044. France came next with 208,063. Then came in order the people from Prussia, China, West Indies, Spitzbergen, Norway and Sweden, Holland, Mexico, Spain, Italy, Belgium, South America, Denmark, Azores, Portugal, Sardinia, Poland, and Russia. The numbers from these countries spreading over the total of forty-one years ranged downward from Prussia's 60,000 to Russia's 1,374.

Thus we see that even before the Civil War there was considerable variety of races which sought asylum and prosperity in this country.

Not all of these new-comers settled in New England; but it may not escape attention that even at that period New England felt the force of immigration.

Of the development and the problem of immigration in our day we need say nothing. We are interested here only in the fact that contact between established New England

and alien races with their diverse political and social inheritances began many years ago. The violence of this contact has been increased in later years by changes in the sources of immigration, but the process itself is of old origin.

If the present flood of Old World races to New England soil and New England activities threatens to wipe out the old traditional New England, why is it that the process of obliteration did not work devastation seventy years ago?

The answer is here: The New England stock is sturdy. There was bred in it nothing of surrender. The records of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill attest the single-minded courage of the people of that time. When the shot that was heard round the world was fired, and the old Concord Bridge became a monument and a shrine, something more was sounded than the noise of battle. There arose to the skies on that April day of 1775 a cry of strength. It was the voice of aroused New England.

Whatever faults the early settlers had, weakness was not among them. They did not know compromise.



AIRPLANE VIEW OF STATE HOUSE AND COMMON, SHOWING MANY PATHS
Where New England history has been made

The European stock that began to pour into New England from overseas was also strong; but it met the New Englander on his own soil and in the midst of his own household gods. In the process of the association or amalgamation the strong survived. The peculiarities and the character of the native New Englander became characteristic also of the late-comers.

This is true to-day. While New England is going through a process of change, somewhat sad to those who venerate the romantic memories of the past, it is a thought to be heeded that the essence of New England pervades much in this country whose origin is elsewhere.

In the ancient world, succeeding hordes rushed into China and there were swallowed up. China, despite the Mongol and the Manchu, is China still. There is no similarity between ancient China and modern New England, but there is a similarity in their experience with entering races. The ancient Chinese had the strength of immobility. New England has had the strength of self-control.

We find other evidence of the absorptive power of New England in migrations west-

ward. The venturing Yankee took his household gods with him—also his taste in foods.

A few years ago we sat down to our first breakfast in Rapid City, South Dakota. It seemed far removed from the New England hills. For breakfast we ate: Buckwheat cakes that were genuine, unadulterated, unmodified, and undisguised buckwheat. They had been mixed with yeast. They were better buckwheat cakes than we have ever been able to find in any public place in all New England. They were honest New England griddle-cakes—and they were standard in Rapid City, South Dakota. With these remarkable griddle-cakes we had sausage and honey. Both were local products. This was the kind of breakfast which by tradition and legend should be met in almost any good New England home.

Each night we had for dessert in that western city apple pie. It was perfect pie. It was the kind your mother used to make. It was regulation New England apple pie, such as you will not find in more than one out of one hundred public dining-places in the New England States, if we except the country inns in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire.

Griddle-cakes and apple pie may not be the highest proofs of moral and social vigor, but they are very clear indication of the fact that as the New Englander went westward back in the eighteen seventies he carried with him New England customs, including home food. In the unspoiled areas of the West these New England traditions and usages have survived.

This little item from Rapid City, South Dakota, is cited because it is not an isolated instance. It is representative of the general spread of New England in far places. You will sometimes find reminders of New England far from home which arouse in the heart a feeling of homesickness for those very things which seem to have strayed from the old places.

CHAPTER XXII

STORIES TELL THE STORY

THE New England villager is usually a match for any adversary in repartee, but sometimes he gets the worst of it. Up in western Massachusetts lived Uncle Sid, a man given to succinct phrases and short-cut conclusions. He was not the most amiable person in the world, but he had his points. Every day he rode back and forth, driving his cows past the house of an Irishman named Burke. Uncle Sid's horse was notable for having a very short tail. It was Uncle Sid's custom, as he drove by the brickyard beside which the inoffensive Mr. Burke lived, to blackguard him unmercifully. The Irishman, strangely enough, bore with patience the abuse from Uncle Sid. At last, however, he thought he had about enough, so one day he waited until Uncle Sid had driven past his house and then called him back, saying he wanted to ask him a question. Sid turned his horse and drove up to where Burke stood.

"What d'ye want to ask me?"

"I wanted to ask," said Burke, "if your horse's tail has been cut off or driven in."

For once the debate was closed by the other side. Uncle Sid never again abused Mr. Burke.

Sid was a man of few words and little sentiment, yet he adventured twice in matrimony. When he brought his second wife home to the village in which he lived he drove up before the door in his old yellow sleigh, and as the horses came to a halt he turned to his bride with this remark:

"Here, Esther, git aout, we're home."

That was all. Romance was on its way. Maybe there was more sentiment in Sid than he exhibited in his speech.

Yet what are we to make out of the following true incident? Sid was one of four brothers. One of these, the major, passed from this life. It became necessary to conduct those last sad ceremonies inseparable from death. The services were duly held and the party started for the graveyard. The time was two o'clock in the afternoon.

These brothers all were farmers and on their farms stood fine fattening cattle. Regu-

larity of their feed was important. The hour of the procession to the graveyard coincided exactly with the hour for feeding these animals. First one of the three surviving brothers quietly slipped from the procession and went home to attend to his cattle. A few rods farther on a second brother did the same thing. This left of the family only Uncle Sid in the mournful line. Impressed by the thought that his two brothers were seeing to it that their cattle were properly cared for, Sid also dropped out and made his way homeward. The little party continued on its slow progress toward the grave.

It was the custom in those days for some member of the family of the deceased to express at the grave thanks for the presence of friends. When the little funeral party had reached the edge of the last resting-place for the major, an old man of the village, looking around and seeing no members of the major's family present, delivered what may be called the funeral oration at the grave-side in these words:

"There's no friends and nothing to be said. Put him in."

New England is full of similarly grim anec-

dotes, yet they may not be misinterpreted to mean that these people were lacking in human sympathy. Philosophers may search for the meaning in the story of the tragedy in a New England village when an old man, whose name we may omit, hanged himself in the barn of one of the villagers. The owner of the barn made the ghastly discovery, rushed from the place, ran to the fence that separated his yard from his neighbor's, and called for help. The neighbor hurried over and the two of them ran to the barn where the body of the suicide still swayed. The neighbor leaped to the top of a box and with his pocket-knife cut the rope and allowed the body to fall. At this the owner of the barn burst forth and in high and practical indignation cried:

"What did you spile my halter for? I should have thought you might have untied it. What on airth will that critter do next?"

This owner of the halter was a very practical man. It was his thrifty custom to turn his cows into pasture very early in the season. One spring he misjudged the season and the unfortunate cows found themselves in a foot of snow. They ran back and forth lowing pitifully. A neighbor, whose heart was touched

by their plight, drew a carload of corn-stalks to the pasture fence and tossed them over for the cows to eat. Was the owner of the cows grateful for this charity to his beasts? He was not. He expressed the measure of his appreciation as follows:

"I wouldn't o' had you done it for no money. It'll make 'em as crazy as witches."

Perhaps he was generously solicitous for his cows' peace of mind. Let us hope so. This same man was a hard bargainer, and there lingered in his mind a yearning to expose the offense of a certain neighbor who stole one of his sheep. He had identified the culprit and made him pay for the sheep. Incidental to the discovery and payment he had promised to keep the unfortunate affair secret. A few days later the two men and a third met by chance at the local tavern. There was a period of silence, which was broken by the man who had recovered his sheep from the thief, who said to the third member of the party:

"I never told you how Bill [naming the thief] paid me for my sheep. Did I?"

"No," said the third man, "you never did."

"No, nor I ain't going to, for I promised him I'd never tell."

These are some of the grimmer and more cynical of New England anecdotes. They do not represent the country nor the breed, but they are items in the complete picture. New England villages had many characters who were altogether likable. Thus one of these who lived in Deerfield had a very literal mind. Meeting a relative in Greenfield, he was requested to give the other's love to every one in Deerfield. He took it with entire literalness and called at every door in the village, conveying the message.

Religion played a continuous part in old New England days, a heritage from the reign of the Puritans. In every village there were one or more incorrigibles who refused to bow to the authority or influence of the meeting-house. One such, whom we will call the General, for he wore the title proudly, became the object of neighbor Seth, who set out to convert him. They sat down side by side, Seth with his Bible on his knees and undertaking to expound the Scriptures, the General listening in silence until Seth was through. He then brought out a Bible of his own. From it he selected passages to suit his notion, and after each one roared this question at Seth:

“What do you make of such damned nonsense as that?”

Seth gave up the job, closed his book, and went home. The General remained unconquered.

Many years ago Asahel Wright owned a horse which was thirty years old but looked and was better than his age. He decided it was time to sell the horse, and he gave it to his friend Captain Mitchell to sell. Captain Mitchell traded the horse for a hogshead of molasses.

This transaction did not seem quite fair, according to the scruples of Mr. Wright. He was in a quandary as to what he should do about it, so he called in one of his neighbors for advice. This neighbor was a diplomat. He agreed that the transaction was sinful though profitable. His decision was this, that Captain Mitchell was to bear the sin and Mr. Wright was to keep the molasses.

Another old story which indicates the ingenuity and whimsicality of the old-fashioned Yankee concerns a young man who taught in one of the district schools such as we have described in a previous chapter. As was often the case, funds for the maintenance of the

school were low, and the selectmen were not easily moved. One by one, panes of glass became broken in the school-house and the cold wind whistled through the spaces. Time and again the young teacher sent word to the school committee and the selectmen that the windows must be mended. No attention was paid to his demands. As a last desperate device he sent messages to the committee that he must have either mended windows or more boys with seven by nine hats. This produced results, and the requested number of window-panes seven by nine were forthcoming. The women of these old villages had their full share of social experiences. Sewing circles and such gatherings centering about the meeting-house provided both social entertainment and news exchange. By virtue of the grocery store for the men and the sewing circle for the women, there was no need for a newspaper.

In political activities the women did not often take a leading part. Yet there is still told in Deerfield an incident which occurred during the campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Campaign parades were popular in those days, as they were for many years later. On this particular occasion about one hundred

Deerfield men rigged up some sort of an ornamental float which was drawn through the streets to a rally in Greenfield by ten yoke of oxen. It made an impressive display. Across the yoke of the forward pair was stretched a large board bearing the appropriate words: "United to a man."

This demonstration made such a hit that the following day Colonel Wilson said he thought it was a shame that the Deerfield women should not join them. The women responded to the suggestion and crowded aboard the gorgeous float and so rode behind the ten yoke of oxen into Greenfield. The best part of this was that as the crowd of women drove up in state through Greenfield streets the forward yoke of oxen still bore proudly the printed legend: "United to a man."

Let us end this picture with a pleasant anecdote to offset the grimness with which we began it. Delights and delicacies of courtesy were not unknown in the old days. It is related that when on a certain occasion Mrs. Arms went to tea with a friend, she took from the table one of the knives and held it up to her face like a mirror, explaining to her hostess:

"I thought I would see if my cap was all right."

Thus she conveyed a delicate compliment on the admirable brightness of the cutlery. This is far better than the fictitious story of the young maid who thrust her face into the living-room and asked her much-tried employer how she should know if the pudding were done. Her mistress replied:

"Stick a knife into it and if it comes out clean the pudding is done."

As the maid started to withdraw, her exasperated mistress suddenly had another thought and she called after the maid:

"And if the knife does come out clean you might stick all the knives into the pudding."

CHAPTER XXIII

LOVE IN THE VILLAGE

THERE was plenty of romance in early New England. Who that has read "The Courtship of Miles Standish" can doubt it? But what place has romance in a work dealing with changes? This is a theme which does not change. Romance and love know no special age, race, time, nor place. Whatever changes have come and are coming to New England, there has been and will be no change in this. Chronicles of romance have no place in such a survey as the present. We live in a more sophisticated age than that during which New England came to its finest flower. Perhaps the expressions of romance have changed not in meaning but in method. Is it likely that any young woman seeking to avoid a suitor whom she did not favor would adopt the means of escape chosen by the heroine of the following little anecdote? As she saw him approaching the house she sought to escape, but had no time

either to run upstairs or from the house. She chose the only hiding place available. This was the fireplace, in front of which was a fireboard. Pulling open the board, she stooped down in the black and dismal space behind and pulled the board into place before her. There she was prepared to sit until he should be tired of waiting and go away.

This young man was not easily discouraged. Having the entrée to the house, he walked into the living-room and, seeing no one there, he sat down to await some one's appearance. He was quite at home. His wait was considerably prolonged. In the meantime the unfortunate young lady, crouching in the fireplace, found her anxiety and discomfort increasing. Her release came unexpectedly. A sudden gust of wind came down the chimney and blew out the loosened fireboard. There sat the poor girl on a heap of ashes.

We may guess that they never married, yet it seems to us she had qualities which might have made her a good wife—not that it is good for wives to sit in the fireplace, but because she showed resourcefulness and patience.

Another young woman in the same village, also seeking to avoid a suitor whom she did

not wish to see, similarly ran to cover and hid in the china closet, stooped down in an uncomfortable position beneath the shelves and on the floor. She was quite sure that the young man would not wait long and that she could then come out from her awkward hiding-place. Alas! for her plans. The young man was entertained by her sister, who did not know of her concealment. She entertained him so well that the two spent the entire evening in the parlor. When he finally went home and the hidden young woman called to her sister to open the cupboard door, she was as stiff as any piece of china in the closet.

The course of true love did not always run smoothly. Years ago a young man who had been absent from the village for a long time came back and took up temporary lodgings at the hotel. His mind turning to a very pretty girl in the village whom he had formerly known, he thought it would be a nice plan to call on her if she would permit him to do so. He wrote a polite little note telling her of his arrival in town and asking her if he might call. He engaged the services of a small boy to deliver the note personally to the young woman, and he gave the boy a dime for his

services. Unfortunately, when the boy handed the note to the young woman he also handed her the dime with it, saying it was from the young man. Her reply was to the effect that she had no ten-cent affections to bestow.

As we have noted before, the old New Englander did not like advice. He did not like to be told what to do, and he did not like to have it suggested to him what he might do. An unfortunate young woman in western Massachusetts fell victim to her apparent ignorance of this trait. She was receiving the attentions of a young man whom she fondly believed to be her sweetheart. Matters were not progressing very rapidly, however, and it seemed to her that it was time for her to find out what his intentions were. She had her due share of New England practical-mindedness.

Seeing him riding toward her house one day, she ran forth to meet him. Stopping him at the entrance to the path, she told him she was putting a piece of cloth in the loom for weaving and the question which was bothering her was whether she was to weave it for domestic or for personal use. "Shall I plaid it for blankets, or stripe it for petticoats?" she asked.

If she was seeking for information as to his intentions she certainly got it. He gave her one clear look and then replied, "Stripe it! Stripe it!" He rode away never to return. Probably she went back to the loom and striped it.

Hope dies hard. There once lived a dear little lady in the village, whose favorite exclamation when there was a knock at the front door was something like this:

"I declare for it; I shall put on two aprons, for I shan't dare to go to the door without a clean apron on, for I know I shall have an offer." So far as history records, the offer never came and some man missed a good wife. She had the unusual facility of descriptive expressions. One day when her brother had sharpened one of the kitchen knives she criticized his job by saying, "I could ride to Greenfield on the edge of this knife and not feel it."

These few genuine old stories of New England village talk and custom, some grim and some pleasant, are voices from a picturesque past. There still live in the quieter portions of these States men and women with a similar conciseness of expression. Life in a country

village is physically far easier than it was in those days. Modern conveniences, better transportation and communication, have softened the rigors which have long characterized New England. These are changes inseparable from the progress of civilization.

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CHAPTER XXIV

BY THEIR OWN PENS

THE old-fashioned New Englander had little skill as a diarist. The stress of life for man, woman, and child on the New England farm or in the village left little time or inclination to develop thought through the written word. From old diaries we do get a close view of life as it was seen by those who lived it in the old days, but we find in those writings little philosophy and little imagination. Yet if the reader will place himself, as well as his imagination allows, in the position of the men and women who wrote these rather stilted accounts of day-by-day life he may read into the entries and between the lines a good deal.

We quote from a few characteristic New England diaries. They were, of course, never intended for publication and they have no pretense to literary style. They have this quality—which is characteristically New England: they are accurate. Here is the account of

the life of a young woman who lived in a New England village in the year 1873.

We offer transcription of a few pages of her personal diary. The reader will see in it some picture of the hard work that went with such life, but may get glimpses also of the philosophy of her who did it.

Let due note be taken also of the important part which floor-washing held in the family duties.

Jan. 1, 1873: cold & Fair Mirciry 16 degrees below in morn 20 above at noon Moses been to Claremont got stove I sent Emily a letter I cooked all day E J B's folks here yesterday Aunt Howe here.

Jan. 2: cold & cloudy I have churned Flora ironed Aunt helping about house.

Jan. 3: Cloudy & thawry I been sewing Mr. T called here took a lunch for dinner E J & wife here in eve Frank called in eve to settle I washed floor.

Jan. 4: cooler We been Claremont Mr. A's auction and store got Flora cloth for a dress.

Jan. 5: stormd all the P M hailed rained snowed staid at home blustering.

Jan. 6: Windy & cool I have washed. Hiram and I been to Mr. E's very windy up there knitting Moses some wristers. mother sewing on apron.

Jan. 7: 8 degrees below very fair killed the hog mother sewing on apron.

Jan. 8: Fair in morn cloudy P M Mr. L & wife called in A M I was trying lard and cutting sausage meat all day Moses salted meat in eve Anna came over and ground meat in eve mother sewing on apron.

Jan. 9: snowed last night I been over to see Mrs. B cut Bens frock in P M Hiram ground sausage meat in eve I washed floor S. Q. called in P M. Mother sewing on apron.

Jan. 10: fair 8 degrees above made sausage in A M mother sewing apron.

Jan. 11: Cold I finished Bens frock called on Mrs. B stoped one hour Moses & Israel went to Charlestown Mr. S here Mother finished apron I washed floor.

Jan. 12: Moses Hiram myself been to meeting in P M

Jan. 13: Moses been to Claremont get funnel for the parlor stove Hemed on table cloth made holder I been washing moped floor.

Jan. 14: Cynthia called in morn dressed nine chickens in eve I have churned baked 13 pies.

Jan. 15: Moderate Mr. Davis called took a lunch for dinner Hiram went Charlestown to buy wool I been fixing my dress and Moses clothes cut a pair of shims one for Flora Mother making table cloth Aunt sewing on rug.

Jan. 16: Moses been to Newport Mr. B been

fixing to set a stove in the parlor Ironed today sewing rainy.

Jan. 17: I took care of Mrs. B last night thawed all night sweeping the chamber over the wood shed Aunt H. here.

Jan. 18: Mother sewing for me washed floors most all day.

Jan. 19: snowed in Morn no meeting Mary called just at night.

Jan. 20: pared apples in eve washed Aunt washed some sent Cordelia a letter.

Jan. 21: made apple sauce A M sewed P M cut apples in eve Moses went Charlestown Mother sewing.

Jan. 22: making apple sauce & ironing A M put buttons on Moses vest Moses 160 Hiram & myself weigh 153.

Jan. 23: Cold making apple sauce Silas G & wife here to dinner Ironed Aunt mending Moses drawers I washed floor.

Jan. 24: snowed in A M fixed Hiram shirt sewing for myself in eve L got a pound of tea.

Jan. 25: Cold and windy in A M I been sewing for myself most all day moped floor Aunt cutting cotton cloth.

Jan. 26: Moses Hiram Flora myself been to meeting in P M Hiram called to E Js got his hair cut.

Jan. 27: Moses Hiram been to Claremont with their wool I washed in A M worked on mens

folks clothes P M snowed all day washed the floor.

Jan. 28: Moses gone to Newport I been churn-ing making yeast in A M sewing for myself in P M mending H mittens in eve the wind blew very hard in P M & eve Aunt helping about house.

Jan. 29: Cold 10 degrees below in morn 3 below at Noon 20 below in eve ironed calico cooking all the A M I baked 6 pies.

Jan. 30: very cold 35 degrees below 8 above at noon Hiram been N Charlestown with load of boards we finished ironing Aunt H mended bed tick.

Jan. 31: 2 degrees above zero Sarah made a call cut Moses flanel shirt Aunt H mending Mother sewing Moses shirt.

Feb. 1: Moses came home about Noon boiled dinner worked on my dress Moses Hiram I been to meeting in eve heard Elder P preach washed floor.

Feb. 2: cold & windy staid at home went with Moses to feed sheep.

The above is enough to show the life led by a farmer's wife half a century ago. The apple was the standard New England fruit and they made the most of it. Looking onward in the diary just quoted we find that the writer of it on February 7 baked eight pies; a few days

later she baked a single pie—probably this was an emergency baking. Not long afterward there was a notable day in the household when she baked a batch of twenty-one, but these did not last long, for about ten days later we find note of her baking sixteen. They must have been unusual times.

Apple pie was a staple diet in old New England.

What did boys do in the old days? They worked hard a good deal of the time. There is a glimpse into the life of a boy in the year 1862 from the diary of one who lived in a little town in New Hampshire. He was then sixteen years old. We find on the first page of the diary a careful note to the effect that he paid twenty cents for it. All New England diaries make much mention of the weather, for it was an important item in their life. He was attending school when he wrote his day-to-day story. A few entries serve to show the routine of his life. We will start in the middle of March:

March 14, 1862: Cloudy Cool. North wind. Been to School. School finished today. I have been to School 22½ days absent ½ day Tardy 2.

March 15: Snowed & Hailed all day. South

East Wind. Doing Chores & C. Sawed a little wood.

March 16: Cloudy Cool. Stayed at Home. No wind.

March 17: Mostly Cloudy. Snow in the morning. North wind. Doing Chores etc. Cousin Jane went home.

March 18: Fair. North Wind. Doing Chores & C.

March 19: Fair. North Wind. Doing Chores & C. Got out the Sap Buckets. Come home from Mr Aldens this morning.

March 20: Fair & Pleasant. South Wind. Done Chores & Drawed wood on the Hand Sled.

March 21: Quite Snowy. South Wind. Done Chores. Sawed Wood & C.

March 22: Fair & Thawy. No wind. paid \$.02 for gum. Doing Chores. Fixing Sap-Buckets. Mending Barn-Yard fence.

March 23: Fair & Thawy. South Wind. Stayed at home.

March 24: Fair & Thawy. South Wind. Doing Chores & Washing Sap-Buckets & C.

March 25: Cloudy & Cooler. North Wind. Doing Chores & Hooping Sap Buckets.

March 26: Fair Cool North Wind. Crust Bears Horses. Doing Chores. Tapped the Sap-Place. Been to a Lecture in Evening. Rec. \$.04 for ink.

March 27: Warm Pleasant. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place.

March 28: Cold North Wind Very rough at Night. Doing Chores. Washing & Setting Pan and Kettle.

March 29: Fair. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place.

March 30: Warm Pleasant. Crust bears cattle & Horses. Burnt up Syrup. North Wind. A.M. To work in the Sap-Place P. M. Stayed at Home. Wrote a letter to Winslow.

March 31: South West Wind. Cloudy Moderate some Snow in the morning. To work in the Sap-Place. Doing chores & C.

April 1: Warm Cloudy Thawy. To work in the Sap-Place Syruping off & C. No wind. Saw Winslow.

April 2: Warm Pleasant Thawy. South Wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Saw Winslow.

April 3: Cool Cloudy. Snowed Last night. South wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Saw Winslow.

April 4: Fair Cool. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Drawing Wood.

April 5: Snowy. South Wind. Doing Chores.

April 6: Fair Warmer. North Wind. Stayed at home.

April 7: Fair Cold Windy. North Wind. Doing Chores Pileing Wood Gathering Sap.

April 8: Cold Windy. North Wind. Doing Chores. Throwing in Wood & C.

April 9: Warmer. North Wind. To work in

the Sap-Place Winslow here this Evening. Rec. \$.05 for ink.

April 10: Fair Warm. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Went up to Uncle H in the P M a little while.

April 11: Fair Warm. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place.

April 12: Fair Quite Warm. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Saw Winslow. Had Company in the S-P.

April 13: Fair Very Warm. North Wind. Stayed at home. Gathered a little Sap.

April 14: Fair Very Warm. North Wind. To work in the Sap-Place. Saw Winslow.

April 15: Warm a little rain last night. South Wind. Syruping off A.M. Tagging Sheep P. M. Saw Winslow.

Not much excitement there, but perhaps just as interesting as what we call excitement to-day. It all depends on what you are accustomed to.

Times have changed, and yet the farmer's wife knows less of the changes than do ordinary city folks. Electricity, gas, and such conveniences, while they have come to the villages, have left a good many farms untouched. Some things that were common a generation or two ago have, however, entirely

disappeared. For example, it would be difficult to find on a New England farm to-day such an entry as the single line set down for May 16, 1888, in a New Hampshire diary: "Dipped 60 doz candles."

It is a long time since dipping has been a common method of making candles, though the cult of the antique has revived it as one of the lost arts.

The doughnut still remains a suitable article of New England diet where it is correctly understood as a breakfast food along with pie. Looking over the diary of a New England housewife, we find on February 1: "I fried a peck of doughnuts." They did not measure doughnuts by the dozen in the old days. Nor did a peck of doughnuts last very long. Six days later on February 7 we find this entry:

"Baked pies, snaps, bread. Fried 1 peck doughnuts. Churned 9 lbs. butter."

Skipping over to the last of the month, we find that on one day she baked six pumpkin pies, three "meat pies" (which were mince pies), put up one jar of mince-meat, fried another peck of doughnuts. One week later came the frying of another peck, and five days after that still another peck, along with six

fresh pies. Cooking pies and doughnuts occupied a good deal of the New England housewife's time in the golden age of the country; yet there were other duties. For example, on January 17 the writer of our diary did the housework, baked cake, fried doughnuts, baked eight loaves of brown bread, put up four cans of apple sauce, and churned six and three-quarter pounds of butter. The entry for that day ends: "Frightfully cold." Probably she did not mind it.

There was some variety, however, even in this routine. For instance, on February 9 this farmer's wife writes:

Moses cut up the pig, I cut and tried the lard, cut the sausage meat, made the sausage, cleaned the feet, finished all up.

This was by way of diversion. From such a breed this nation sprang.

CHAPTER XXV

TOWARD THE HEIGHTS

VILLAGE and farm existence may seem to have been dull and drab, as shown by the extracts from diaries given in the preceding chapter. Yet these diaries do not tell the whole story. Life had its due share of joys and happiness. If pleasures were simple, they were none the less satisfying. Almost everything which we of to-day consider essential to the enjoyment of life was lacking in those days. Yet the young people then undoubtedly were just as happy as are the young people to-day. Joys never experienced and never known are not missed. If the present generation should by some cataclysm of event be forced to step back into the world of its ancestors it would be quite miserable. It would find it hard to surrender the conveniences which are commonplace now. Our ancestors, however, never dreamed of these things which are familiar to all of us to-day. The human race through

all its history has had much the same experience, in that it has adapted itself to conditions of the time, has taken from them such pleasures as it might, and has built up year by year the structure of civilization.

In the New England life of preceding generations the lyceum lecture played a large part. Village people went with delight to hear speakers give them instructive talks. First, it was something to do, a chance to depart from the routine of daily chores. It was an adventure. Secondly, books were scarce, schools were not always available, and colleges were for the select few. The informing lecturer found a field ready for his instruction.

It was characteristic of both Pilgrims and Puritans that though they were practical people, intent on making a livelihood, they never let out of their minds the aspiration for higher ends than material existence. Discussion of the theology of pioneer New England days has no place here, but it is a vital fact which has constant pertinence to the evolution of this nation that spiritual thoughts were a continuous and sometimes a decisive factor in building up communities.



CONCORD BRIDGE



CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY

Old Concord has played a varied rôle

The New Englander, for all his practical ideas and rather cold sense, is very much of an idealist.

It was not by chance that there developed from this soil of New England character many movements in the fields of philosophy. To tabulate all of these would be tiresome. To recognize that they existed and that they were a part of the constructive changes in New England life is necessary.

To-day educational opportunities are so easily available that they lack something of the keen attraction they had in former days for the few who could find them. Education and self-improvement are commonplaces now. They were luxuries then.

Old Concord has played a varied and always interesting rôle in New England's significance. The old bridge where the famous fight was fought and the hallowed battleground are visited by swarms of sightseers, who ride merrily over the road which was marked with dramatic footsteps long ago. It is not merely the fact of the battles at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill which stands out in history, but it is the revelation which they gave the world of New England

courage and character which is everlastingly important.

History is filled with records of great battles. Here in this region were fought those engagements in which the numbers directly involved were few. There was at the heart of them an inexorability of purpose, an invincibility of character, which were as mighty as anything in the story of human freedom.

Concord furnished the stage also for the philosophies and culture of Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Frank B. Sanborn, and others of their time. With their teachings we do not concern ourselves, except to point to them as illustrating the aspirations toward high thought which showed themselves not only at Concord but in many other communities as well.

Fifty years ago the Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature drew to that town little groups of men and women who sat figuratively at the feet of interesting men and women. We find listed as "regular professors" in 1879 the following:

A. Bronson Alcott of Concord, on
"Christian Theism."

William T. Harris of St. Louis, on
"Speculative Philosophy."

H. K. Jones of Jacksonville, Illinois, on
"Platonic Philosophy."

David A. Wasson of Midford, on "Political
Philosophy."

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney of Boston, on
"The History and Moral of Art."

Listed as "special lecturers" the same year
are:

F. B. Sanborn of Concord, on "Philan-
thropy and Social Science."

T. W. Higginson of Cambridge, on
"Modern Literature."

George H. Howison of Boston, on "Phi-
losophy from Leibnitz to Hegel."

Thomas Davidson of Boston, on "Greek
Life and Literature."

Here was one of the most interesting struc-
tures for education of the select few that New
England or any other region ever produced.
The cost of the course was not high. The terms
were three dollars for each of the courses of
ten sessions, with a minimum charge of ten
dollars for the term for each student; thus re-

quiring him to take several of the courses. The cost of the entire series, which lasted five weeks, was fifteen dollars. Board was obtained in the village at a charge varying from six dollars to twelve dollars per week, "so that students may estimate their necessary expenses for the whole term at fifty dollars," as the announcement informed prospective students; and it was added: "In certain cases the fees for instruction will be remitted."

A. Bronson Alcott of Concord was dean of the faculty and F. B. Sanborn was secretary.

The method of instruction combined lecture and conversation "in literature and the higher philosophy." The hours were from nine to eleven in the forenoon and from three to five in the afternoon on week days. There were also a few evening lectures. From the diary of a young man who attended this school in the year 1879 we quote the account of his arrival at Concord:

July 14, evening: Arrived at Concord at sunset. Called at A. Bronson Alcott's, but he was from home, at F. B. Sanborn's, whither I was directed by the servant—recognized Mr. Alcott with a company of strangers and did not feel at

liberty to interrupt him—so returned to his residence—was invited in and kindly entertained by Miss Louise M. Alcott, who went to Mr. Sanborn's and consulted her father about my boarding place—she returned with Mr. Sanborn and guided us through the garden to Mr. B. F. Wheeler's where I am to board.

July 15: In the morning I was passing across the gardens to Mr. Alcott's to learn more definitely about the arrangements for board, when I met the venerable mystic, just creeping through the hole in the fence, his stove-pipe hat in hand. He called at Mr. Wheeler's—then walked with him to Mr. Sanborn's, had a pleasant informal conversation.

Orchard House—9 o'clock, A.M. The rooms are small—many bookcases, some of them built into the wall—shelves and niches for busts and pictures. Mr. Emory, a lessee for the summer was in the chair. Of the faculty there were present A. B. Alcott, W. T. Harris, Dr. H. K. Jones, F. B. Sanborn.

They proceeded to set forth the scope and method of the school. Mr. Alcott said that the method would be very simple and naturally conversation—to ask and to answer questions—in conversation mind meets mind—if the fountain can be touched it wells up into eternal life. He spoke of the clubs of symposia of the West, where there seems to be more freedom than in the conservative East.

The Concord Summer School and the earlier fame of Ralph Waldo Emerson were among the best proofs of New England's regard for the finer things of life.

CHAPTER XXVI

A GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE

IF the diaries of village New Englanders present a pitiless condensation of life in terms of fact, there was at least in earlier days an art of letter-writing which has departed. Here is a change not only in New England but elsewhere. Some people to-day write letters for the joy of doing so, and put into them more than a chronicle of events; but they are exceptions. The ornate and often beautiful letters of old days were among the accompaniments of a period in which was less mass production of words and a more leisurely indulgence in sentiment.

Nothing can show more eloquently the aspect and attitude of the first New Englanders than an exchange of correspondence between the first governor of Massachusetts and his wife, about the year 1628. The first is a letter from Margaret Winthrop to her husband, John, and is as follows:

My Most Sweet Husband,

How dearly welcome thy letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, then to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David: "I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord." I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me: If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs . . . but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray.

Farewell, good husband; the Lord keep thee.
Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP

There follows the governor's reply to his wife:

My Good Wife,

Although I wrote thee last week, yet having so fit opportunity, I must needs write thee again, for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine, (such as the last was,) to be well worthy two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things, but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, "be of good comfort; I have overcome the world." Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully in obedience to his holy will, in the

course he has set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest.

Thy faithful husband,

JOHN WINTHROP

To conclude, a letter from the lady to her husband:

Most Loving and Good Husband,

I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, "Out of sight, out of mind." I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you to "do you good, and not evil, all the days of my life." I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready, make haste to entertain it.

And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord.

Your loving and obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP

Is this the stilted expression of strained affectation? We think not. It seems to us beautiful.

CHAPTER XXVII

INDUSTRY: CHANGE AND SURVIVAL

NEW ENGLAND industry has now to meet new conditions.

New England industry was founded on new conditions.

If there survives anything potent of old New England character, it should prosper as well under conditions of these times as it did in the more difficult period in which it laid its original foundations. The present-day problem differs from the original problem only in detail. The strength which overcomes obstacles does not pick and choose the obstacles which it must overcome. When New England was establishing itself as an industrial power it did not search out ways of ease. It did not seek avenues of least resistance. Its people decided on the courses they were to pursue and determined on the objectives toward which they should travel. They succeeded because there was no place in their

philosophy for failure. Their progress was constant because they did not know what it was to hesitate. The magnitude of a problem did not deter them.

The essentials of modern industrial problems in New England are the same. Only details are different. The pioneers in New England industry had to find their ways through uncharted areas. They had to create the facilities by which they could build business. The modern problem is one of competition.

To produce profitably in New England goods which can be produced at less cost in other sections means simply that New England producers must either meet the low production costs or produce a quality of product which lifts it from mass competition.

There is no basis in facts or figures for the dismal prophecy that New England, as an industrial factor, will disappear. The facts point to quite a different future. Changes in industry there have been. There always have been changes. The first New England business was the grinding of corn. It is no longer representative of this region, because the grain lands are in another part of the country. Grist-mills in New England towns to-

day are diminishing in number, and such as survive do so to meet local needs. In the decline of the grist-mill there was no suggestion of industrial collapse. Change does not mean degeneration. It is quite likely to mean growth. That which does not change is stagnant. Stagnation is death. New England industry is changing. It is growing.

From the monthly review of the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston we take this paragraph which has reference to the year 1929:

The unusually high rate of industrial activity which prevailed in New England during the first two months of the current year was continued in March and the first part of April. The physical volume of business, as measured by the New England Business Activity Index, was more satisfactory during March than in January or February, and activity was at the highest March level ever recorded.

Another index of business prosperity, or the reverse, is infallibly to be had from the reports of the car service division of the American Railway Association as supplied through the New England Shippers' Board. These figures show that the number of loaded freight cars entering New England between 1922 and

1928 inclusive increased each year, and in 1928 the total was 26 per cent higher than in 1922. For the same period the number of freight cars going out from New England, which show beyond any debate the industrial production of the section, was 43 per cent larger in 1928 than it was in 1922.

There is no indication of business decline in those figures.

The average industrial power consumption index for the first quarter of 1929 in New England was 130.4, which is larger than the similar figure for any first quarter year in the history of New England.

For these first three months of 1929 the earnings of about one hundred representative New England firms show approximately 30 per cent increase in net income over the corresponding three months of the preceding year. These figures just quoted are on the authority of the First National Bank of Boston, as printed in their April New England news-letter.

New England is prosperous. Take note of the income-tax figures for the first nine months of the Government's fiscal year ended June 30, 1929. The income-tax payments in

Massachusetts, which is the most industrial of the New England States, show an increase of \$8,602,459, which is an increase of about 12 per cent. This is from the figures made public by the United States Treasury Department. Compare that 12 per cent increase for Massachusetts income-tax payments with the fact as vouched for by the same source that the increase for the entire country was only about 4 per cent.

CHAPTER XXVIII

UNCHANGING NEW ENGLAND

IN the old cemetery at Hatfield, Massachusetts, stands a stone consecrated to the memory of a good woman. It bears one of the briefest but most comprehensive epitaphs which the mind of man could phrase in words. It contains eight words; yet by what multiplication of them could it be enriched? It reads as follows:

Lived	Desired
Died	Lamented
Present	Useful
Absent	Missed

That is an instance of brevity and suppressed yet evident sentiment, dating back to early days when New England was young and Hatfield was a new village.

In a diary written less than a hundred years ago we find two chronicles of death in the family. In each case there is but a single line

entry. Each states the name of the person and the fact of death. No more than that. Their sorrows were their own, not to be displayed even in the privacy of a diary or on the dignity of a tombstone.

We have lately had in the White House a Vermont-born New Englander. His administration accomplished many things. Among them it served to remind Americans that the taciturn New England type was not extinct. The New England traits of ancient origin retain their vitality.

New England has changed and is changing, as is all the world. It has always changed. It changed when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and transformed a wilderness into an abode of civilization. It changed when the Puritans erected a state on the rock foundation of belief in God. It changed when the light of liberality enlightened the gathering hardness of dark intolerance. It changed when the cold conservatism of its people flamed in protest against human slavery.

No section of any land has changed more constructively than New England. In the midst of these changes some things have stood firm. The New England character has not

changed. It has the virtues and the defects of strength, a firmness which sometimes hardens to rigidity. There are characteristic items in the picture of New England which change not at all. The rocks and hills remain. The sea beats the same symphony on the shore. The same soft sounds of summer and the same blasts of winter stir the hilltops and the waterways. That which nature made in New England stands forever there.

That which man made here changes in step with time, yet lingers long in memories of the past. Calvin Coolidge's birthplace, Plymouth, Vermont, is much the same as it was a century ago. Scattered through Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and to a less degree in the other New England States, you may find survivals of resemblance to days remote. You may travel miles in the western counties of Massachusetts, especially in Berkshire, and find there echoes of a peaceful past.

New England was bred by the edge of the sea and in the hills. The strength of these is the strength of eternal things. Their strength made New England strong. Ideals live there.

It is easy for the eye to see the changing New England. There stands behind it a little deeper in the shade an unchanging New England.

THE END



